

Featuring

DICK COLE • EDISON BELL • SERGEANT SPOOK

December C

# BLUE BOLT

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EDDIE BELL'S  
SANTA SLED

MERRY XMAS!

Vol. 3 No. 7

# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



# YE EDITORS' PAGE

# LOOK! @ 102 Cash PRIZES!



PET-PEEVE  
**PETE**

SAYS:

TURN THE  
TABLES ON  
**TARGET**  
COMICS!

**\$15.00**  
FIRST PRIZE

**\$10.00** SECOND PRIZE!  
**100**  
OTHER PRIZES OF  
**\$1.00** EACH!

What are your "pet peeves" about TARGET Comics?

Now that the Editor is on his vacation, let's sit down at his desk and write them out for him to see when he gets back! Let's really shock him, and tell him the truth about his magazine—is there something you don't like about it and, if so, what would you suggest to correct it?

Do you have a pet peeve about SPACEHAWK?

Do you have a pet peeve about THE CHAMELEON??

Do you have a pet peeve about GULLIVER'S TRAVELS???

Do you have a pet peeve about AL. T. TUDE????

Do you have a pet peeve about ANY OTHER STRIP IN TARGET????

—OR about the STAMP PAGE?—OR the FICTION STORY?—OR the TARGETOONS???

**COME ON GANG, LET'S BE REAL PEEVISH!**

PET PEEVE PETE will pay you to be really peevish but first let's tell you what we mean by a peeve. It won't do any good to just tell the editor that you are peeved at something, you must tell him WHY you are peeved and suggest WHAT you want him to do about your peeve. If you are peeved about a story, do you want some other story that you like better in its place? In other words, tell PET PEEVE PETE WHAT YOU ARE PEEVED AT, WHY YOU ARE PEEVED, and HOW YOU WANT HIM TO REMEDY YOUR PEEVE. Just cut out the coupon at the bottom of the page, fill it in properly, and, on a separate sheet of paper, write YOUR PEEVE. PET PEEVE PETE will pay \$15.00 for the best letter sent in explaining WHY you are peeved and WHAT you want to do about it; \$10.00 for the second best letter sent in, and \$1.00 each for the next best ONE HUNDRED letters. If you have more than one PEEVE, send them all in together.

That's all there is to it! Now let's get to work, write your PEEVE or PEEVES in a letter and mail it in with the coupon below, or a reasonable facsimile of the coupon. Mail the letter and coupon to PET PEEVE PETE, TARGET Comics, 292 Madison Avenue, New York, New York. All letters must be postmarked not later than November 25, 1942.

PET PEEVE PETE will see to it that you get your PEEVE MONEY soon enough to buy that Christmas present you've got your eyes on!

In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. The Judges' decisions are final and all letters become the property of TARGET COMICS.

## MY PET PEEVE ABOUT TARGET COMICS

Here is a list of the features now running in TARGET COMICS. PET PEEVE PETE would like to know the feature or features you do not like. Just place a check mark in the small square in front of the feature or features you LIKE LEAST. Then write a letter telling WHY you do not like the feature and WHAT you would do to improve it, or suggest some other strip you would like to see in its place. Mail this coupon and your letter to PET PEEVE PETE, TARGET COMICS, 292 Madison Avenue, New York, New York, not later than November 25 and you may win one of the prizes.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Cadet         | <input type="checkbox"/> 2 Page Fiction Story    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spacehawk         | <input type="checkbox"/> The Chameleon           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Speck, Spot & Sis | <input type="checkbox"/> Gulliver's Travels      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Al. T. Tude       | <input type="checkbox"/> Bull's Eye Bill         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Stamp Page    | <input type="checkbox"/> The Target & Targeteers |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Targetoons        |  |

NAME ..... AGE .....

STREET .....

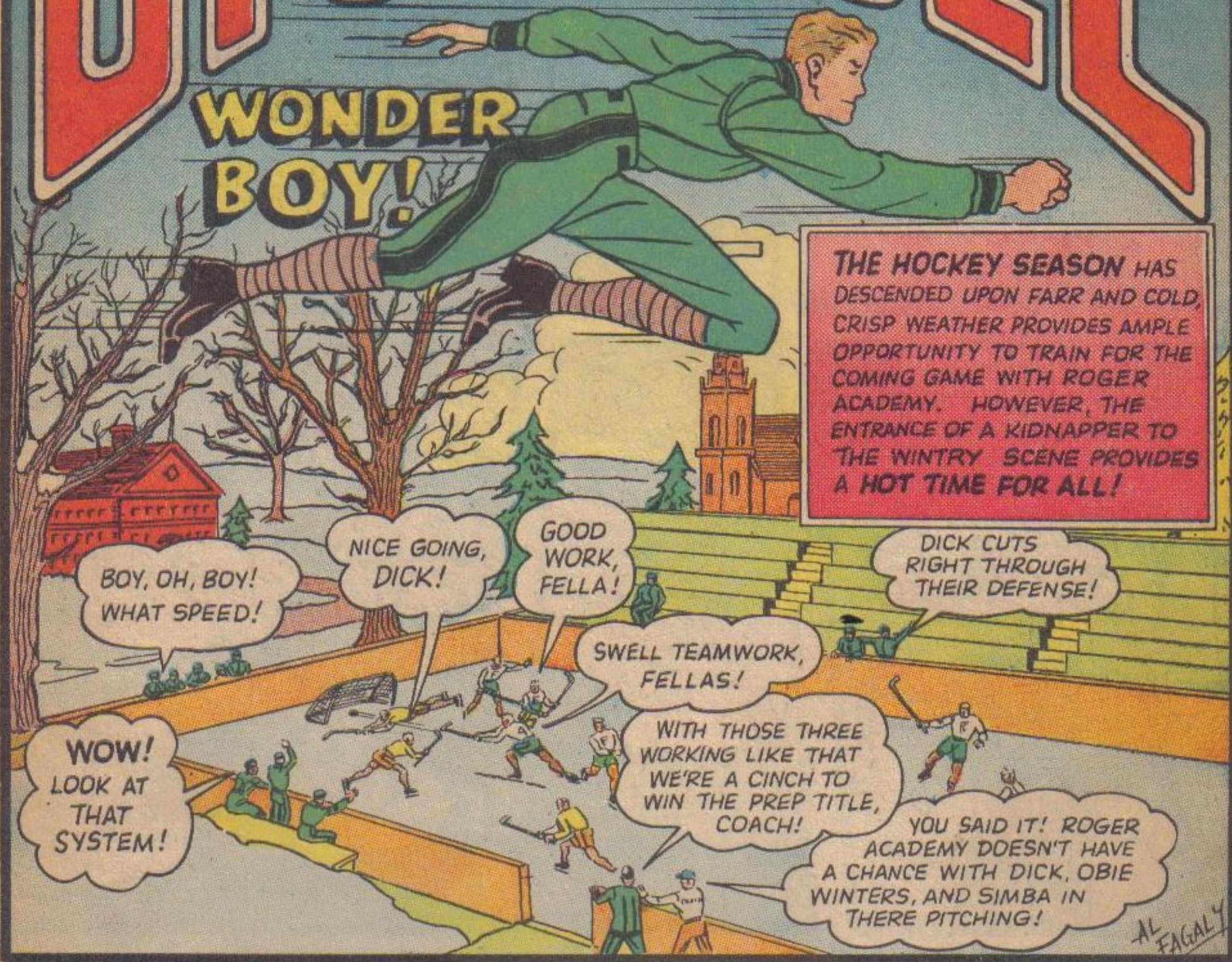
TOWN .....

STATE .....

Print Your Name and Address Plainly.

# DICK COLE

## WONDER BOY!



BUT, MEANTIME, IN OBIE'S HOME TOWN...



NEXT DAY AT FARR ACADEMY...

LET'S GO,  
SIMBA!  
TIME FOR  
HOCKEY  
PRACTICE!

RIGHT  
WITH  
YOU,  
DICK!

SAY! -- CAN  
YOUSE GUYS  
TELL ME  
WHERE I  
CAN FIND  
OBIE WINTERS?

SURE THING! HE'S  
JUST COMING OUT  
OF CLASS IN THAT  
BUILDING BACK  
THERE!

THAT'S  
RIGHT!

TANKS,  
CHUM!

OBIE WINTERS,  
AINCHA? SURE!  
YA MUST BE! YA  
LOOK JUST LIKE  
YER OL' MAN!

HUH? -- OH...  
HOW DO YOU  
KNOW MY  
DAD? WHO  
ARE  
YOU?

NEVER MIND DAT, PUNK!  
C'MON AN' WALK ALONG--  
HERE, READ DIS NOTE!  
IT'LL EXPLAIN T'INGS  
TO YOUSE!

Dear Obie:  
I am being held  
prisoner by a gang  
of thugs! This note  
in my handwriting  
is to let you know  
that I am still  
alive —  
Your Dad

BUT DAD HASN'T  
GOT ANY MONEY!  
WHAT ARE YOU  
HOLDING HIM  
FOR?

JUST TO BE SURE DAT  
FARR DON'T WIN DA  
HOCKEY GAME WIT  
ROGER SATURDAY! DAT'S  
ALL! OTHERWISE YER  
OL' MAN'LL GIT HOTT!

I CAN'T THROW  
THE GAME WITH  
DICK COLE PLAYING!  
HE'D WIN IT HIMSELF  
NO MATTER  
WHAT I  
DO!

YEAH! DAT'S  
WHERE YOU  
COME IN, SEE?  
YOU'RE GONNA  
FIX COLE SO  
DAT HE DON'T  
PLAY!

YOUSE PUNKS IS TAKIN'  
EXAMS T'MORRER, AIN'TCHA?  
AN' YOU KNOW WHERE  
DA EXAM PAPERS ARE...  
RIGHT?

SURE!  
IN  
MAJOR  
FARR'S  
OFFICE!  
WHY?

YER GONNA HELP ME GET  
DEM QUESTIONS! KEEP  
YER TRAP SHUT AN' MEET  
ME RIGHT HERE AT ELEVEN  
O'CLOCK T'NIGHT! AN' BE  
SURE YOUSE BRING  
SOMETHIN' BELONGIN'  
TO COLE - JIST FER  
A SOUVENIR!  
GET ME?

THAT NIGHT AT ELEVEN--

I'LL HAVE TO PLAY  
BALL WITH THAT GUY  
FOR A WHILE UNTIL I  
FIGURE A WAY TO  
BEAT HIS GAME!

OH! SO DERE YA ARE!  
GOOD T'ING FER YER OL'  
MAN YA SHOWED UP! DID  
YA SWIPE SOMETHIN' FROM  
COLE LIKE I TOLD  
YA TO?

Y-YES!  
HIS  
WALLET!

MAJOR FARR'S OFFICE IS  
IN HERE, AIN'T IT? YOUSE  
STAND GUARD HERE AN'  
GIMME A WHISTLE IF  
ANYONE SHOWS UP,  
UNDERSTAND?

Y-Y-  
YES,  
SIR!

SECONDS  
LATER...  
EXPERT  
FINGERS  
PICK THE  
LOCK OF  
THE  
MAJOR'S  
OFFICE!

NOW FER DEM EXAMS -- HE  
SAID DEY'D BE -- AH! HERE  
DEY ARE!

AN' NOW TO LEAVE  
DIS CALLING CARD -- AN'  
DICK COLE'S NAME!

CLICK

D-DID YOU  
GET THE  
EXAM  
QUESTIONS?

SURE! I GOT 'EM!  
NOW COME ON, YOUSE!  
TAKE ME TO COLE'S  
BARRACK'S BEFORE  
I SMACK YA AROUND!

UP THERE--!  
DICK'S ROOM'S  
UP ON THE  
SECOND  
FLOOR!

OKAY, PUNK! NOW  
YOUSE TAKE DA  
PAPERS! I'M GOIN'  
TO TURN IN A FIRE  
ALARM! WHEN DA  
PUNKS START COMIN'  
OUT, YOUSE SNEAK  
UP AN' PLANT DESE  
ON HIS DESK!  
GET IT?

SEVERAL MINUTES  
LATER--THE SHRILL  
SHRIEK OF THE  
FIRE-ALARM!



MEANTIME, IN DICK'S ROOM...

THE FIRE ALARM! IT  
MUST BE THE MCCOY  
OR THEY WOULDN'T  
RING IT THE NIGHT  
BEFORE THE EXAMS!

I THINK I'D BETTER GO  
DOWN THE BACK STAIRS AND  
MAKE SURE THE REAR  
EXIT IS UNLOCKED!

WELL, I GUESS...  
HEY! WHO'S  
THAT? STOP!



THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER  
MAKES A DASH FOR IT--  
WITH DICK IN HOT PURSUIT!

I'M AFRAID HE'S GOT  
TOO BIG A START! I'LL  
HAVE TO CATCH HIM  
BEFORE HE GETS TO  
THE WOODS  
--OR ELSE!

AS DICK CHASES THE  
STRANGER, OBIE SNEAKS  
INTO HIS ROOM! ...

I HATE TO PLANT THESE  
EXAM QUESTIONS ON YOU,  
DICK, BUT I'LL THINK OF  
A WAY TO CLEAR YOU  
LATER! I'VE GOT TO  
STALL FOR TIME--  
FOR DAD'S SAKE!

WHERE THE HECK HAVE  
YOU BEEN, OBIE?

I WAS  
JUST...

PIPE DOWN,  
YOU GUYS! SNAP  
TO ATTENTION!  
HERE COMES  
MAJOR FARR!



FALSE  
ALARM!  
WOW!

AT EASE, GENTLEMEN!  
DOES ANYONE KNOW  
WHY THAT FALSE  
ALARM WAS  
TURNED  
IN?

NO,  
SIR!

HMM! I SEE! WELL,  
SEVERAL STRANGE  
THINGS ARE GOING ON  
AROUND HERE, TONIGHT.  
I JUST DROPPED IN TO  
MY OFFICE TO MAKE  
SOME LAST-MINUTE  
CHANGES ON THE  
EXAM QUESTIONS!  
THOSE PAPERS  
ARE GONE!

CADET COLE IS  
MISSING! I'LL GO  
UP TO HIS QUARTERS  
TO SEE IF HE'S  
THERE!



MEANWHILE, DICK LOSES HIS QUARRY IN THE WOODS!

GOT AWAY! WHO COULD THAT GUY BE? GUESS I'D BETTER GET BACK TO BARRACKS AND SEE WHAT THE ALARM WAS ALL ABOUT!

IN DICK'S EMPTY QUARTERS..

HMM! WHAT'S THIS? THE EXAM QUESTIONS! IF I HADN'T SEEN THEM, I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT OF COLE! BUT THEN HIS WALLET WAS IN MY OFFICE TONIGHT!

CADET COLE IS ABSENT FROM HIS QUARTERS! ANYONE KNOW WHERE ---

HERE HE COMES, NOW!



CADET COLE, HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THESE PAPERS BEFORE?

WHAT ARE THEY? -- OH! -- EXAM QUESTIONS? NO, SIR! I HAVEN'T!

THAT'S MOST UNUSUAL! I FOUND THESE PAPERS ON YOUR DESK JUST FIVE MINUTES AGO!



BUT--  
SIR--  
I--

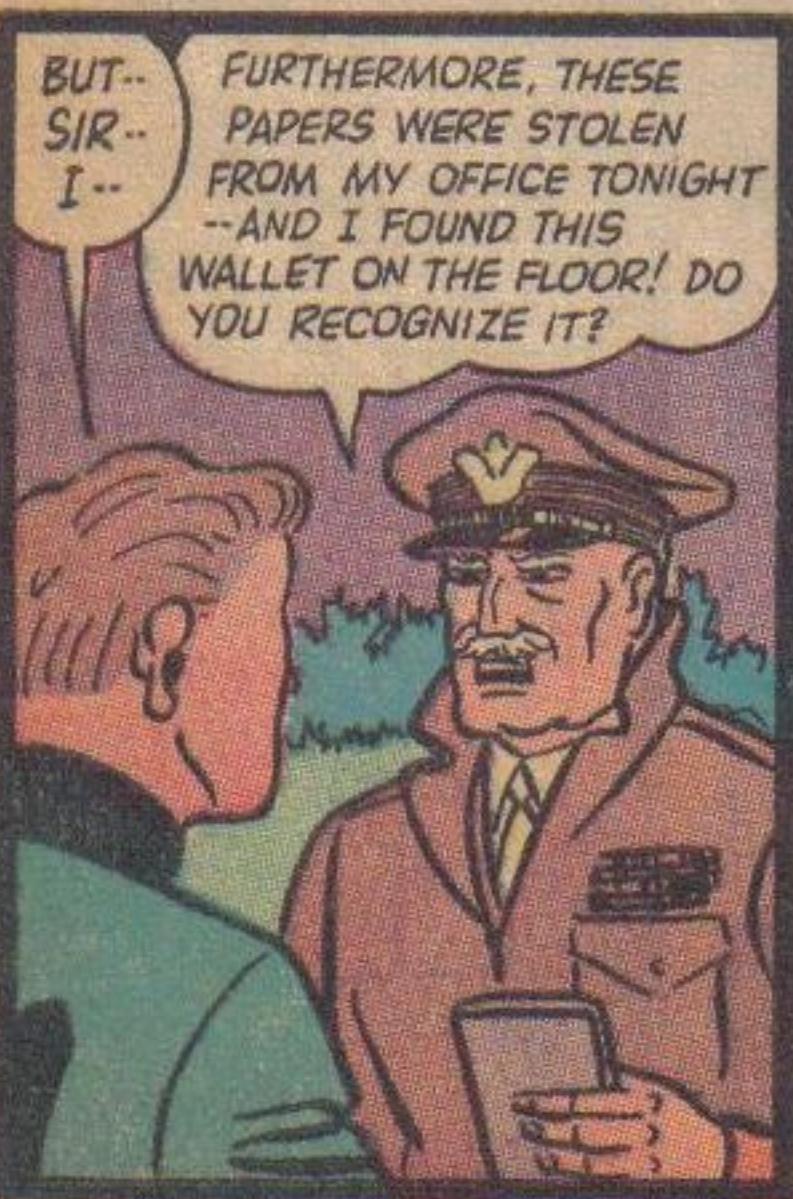
FURTHERMORE, THESE PAPERS WERE STOLEN FROM MY OFFICE TONIGHT --AND I FOUND THIS WALLET ON THE FLOOR! DO YOU RECOGNIZE IT?

WHY, YES, SIR!  
I DO RECOGNIZE IT! IT'S MINE!  
BUT---

CADET COLE, YOU WILL PLEASE RETURN TO QUARTERS AND REMAIN THERE!

THE BOARD WILL MEET TO TRY YOU TOMORROW! YOU CAN'T PLAY IN THE GAME. YOU ARE TO REMAIN IN YOUR QUARTERS UNTIL SUMMONED FOR TRIAL!

YES,  
SIR!



I STILL CAN'T FIGURE IT!  
WHY SHOULD ANYBODY  
WANT TO FRAME  
ME LIKE THAT!

MEANWHILE, ON THE FARR CAMPUS...

WE SURE MADE DESE  
SMALL PREP GAMES SHUT UP,  
INTO A BIG-TIME BIGGIE! HERE  
BETTIN' RACKET, COMES TH' FARR  
TEAM! I GOTTA SLIP DAT WINTERS  
BOSS!

PUNK ANOTHER  
REMINDER TO KEEP  
HIS TRAP SHUT!

GOSH! I DON'T  
BELIEVE DICK  
WOULD DO A  
THING  
LIKE THAT!

OF COURSE  
HE DIDN'T!  
SOME SKUNK  
FRAMED  
HIM!

THE NEXT MORNING FINDS  
DICK ALONE IN HIS ROOM...  
BLUE ... DISHEARTENED!

UNSEEN BY THE OTHERS,  
THE GANGSTERS SLIP  
OBIE A NOTE ---

JUST KEEP WALKIN' AS  
THOUGH NOTHIN'  
HAPPENED,  
BUD!

OH--  
UH,  
YEAH!

HIYA,  
DICK!

HOW'S  
THE  
BOY?

HELLO, FELLOWS!  
GOSH! IT'S NICE OF  
YOU TO STOP IN!

WE JUST DROPPED IN TO LET YOU  
KNOW WE THINK YOU'RE BEING  
RAILROADED! WE'LL FIND THE  
GUY THAT DID THIS  
AND PROVE YOU'RE  
INNOCENT!

YEAH,  
DICK!

THANKS, FELLOWS!  
BUT I'M SURE GOING TO  
MISS BEING IN THE  
CHAMPIONSHIP GAME TODAY!

WELL, WE GOTTA  
BE GETTING OVER TO  
THE RINK! C'MON,  
GANG!

SO LONG,  
DICK!

WE'LL DO  
OUR BEST TO  
WIN WITHOUT  
YOU, DICK!

GOOD LUCK, OBIE!  
I'LL KEEP MY  
FINGERS  
CROSSED!

GOSH, I'D LIKE TO BE PLAYING  
TODAY! I--HM! LOOKS LIKE  
ONE OF THE FELLOWS DROPPED  
A PIECE OF PAPER! BETTER  
SEE WHAT IT IS! MIGHT  
BE IMPORTANT!

- JUST BEFORE OBIE  
CLOSES THE DOOR,  
THE NOTE FLUTTERS  
TO THE FLOOR!

FOR THE LOVE OF  
MIKE! WILL YOU  
LOOK AT  
THIS!

So far, you're being  
a very smart boy  
to follow your  
orders. Just see  
that Cole don't  
get in the game  
and your old  
man will be  
released  
unharmed.

NOW I BEGIN TO SEE  
DAYLIGHT! ORDERS  
OR NO ORDERS, I'M  
LEAVING MY ROOM!

HEY, BILL! LOOK! I THOUGHT  
COLE WAS CONFINED  
TO QUARTERS!

WOW!  
SOMETHING'S UP!  
DICK'S TRAVELIN' LIKE  
A P-40 AFTER A  
MITSUBISHI!

CADET  
COLE!  
YOU WERE  
ORDERED  
TO YOUR...

I KNOW, SIR! BUT I  
HAVEN'T TIME TO GO  
THROUGH FORMALITIES!  
JUST LOOK AT THIS NOTE!  
CADET WINTERS DROPPED  
IT IN MY ROOM  
BY MISTAKE!

GREAT SCOTT!  
THIS CLEARS UP  
A LOT OF THINGS!  
BUT IT PUTS  
**OBIE** IN A  
BAD LIGHT!

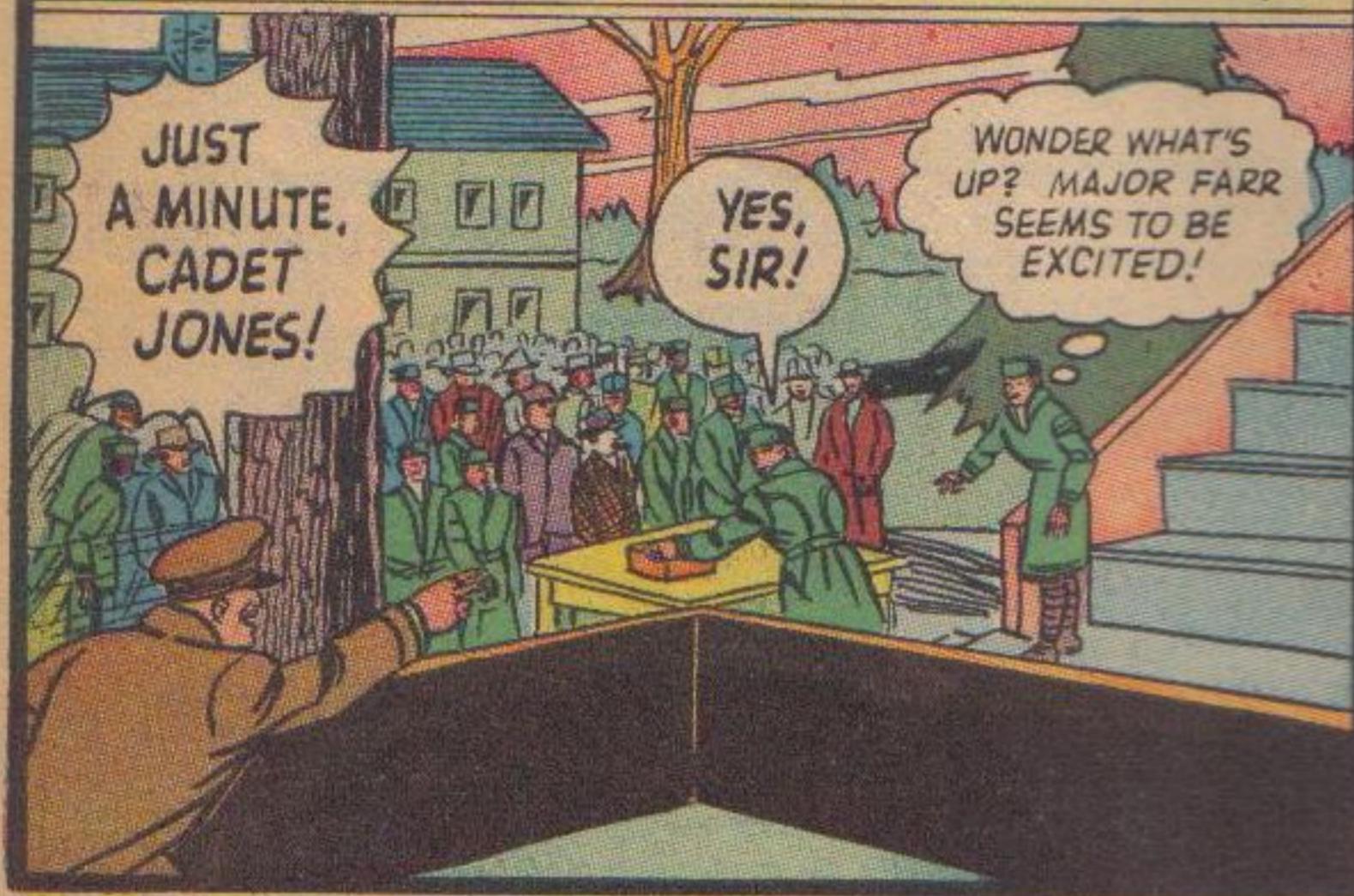
I DON'T FEEL  
THAT WAY, SIR!  
AFTER ALL, IT'S  
HIS FATHER'S  
LIFE THAT'S AT  
STAKE!

I'VE GOT A PLAN,  
SIR! I THINK IT  
WILL WORK THINGS  
OUT, SIR, IF IT  
MEETS YOUR  
APPROVAL!

OF COURSE, IN THE  
LIGHT OF THIS NEW  
EVIDENCE, THERE ISN'T  
ANY REASON WHY YOU  
CAN'T PLAY AGAINST  
ROGER ACADEMY,  
YOU KNOW!

THANK YOU, SIR! THAT  
MAKES MY PLAN EVEN  
EASIER! NOW, HERE'S  
HOW I THINK WE CAN  
LICK THESE MUGS!...

LATER -- AS THE CROWD OF SPECTATORS APPROACH THE RINK! ...



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE! FOR JUST A MOMENT! ... IT HAS BEEN REPORTED THAT SOME SMALL-TIME CROOKS HAVE PRINTED AND SOLD SOME COUNTERFEIT TICKETS! SO PLEASE SIGN YOUR NAMES HERE AS YOU GO IN, AND IF YOU HAVE A COUNTERFEIT TICKET, YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED!



THE GAME STARTS WITH A RUSH!--OBIE PASSES THE PUCK TO DICK, BUT--

ZIP RIGHT  
THROUGH'EM,  
BOY!

GET IT,  
DICK!

PUT'ER  
OVER!

--A ROGER MAN INTERCEPTS IT AND SCORES  
A QUICK POINT! ROGER LEADS--1-0!

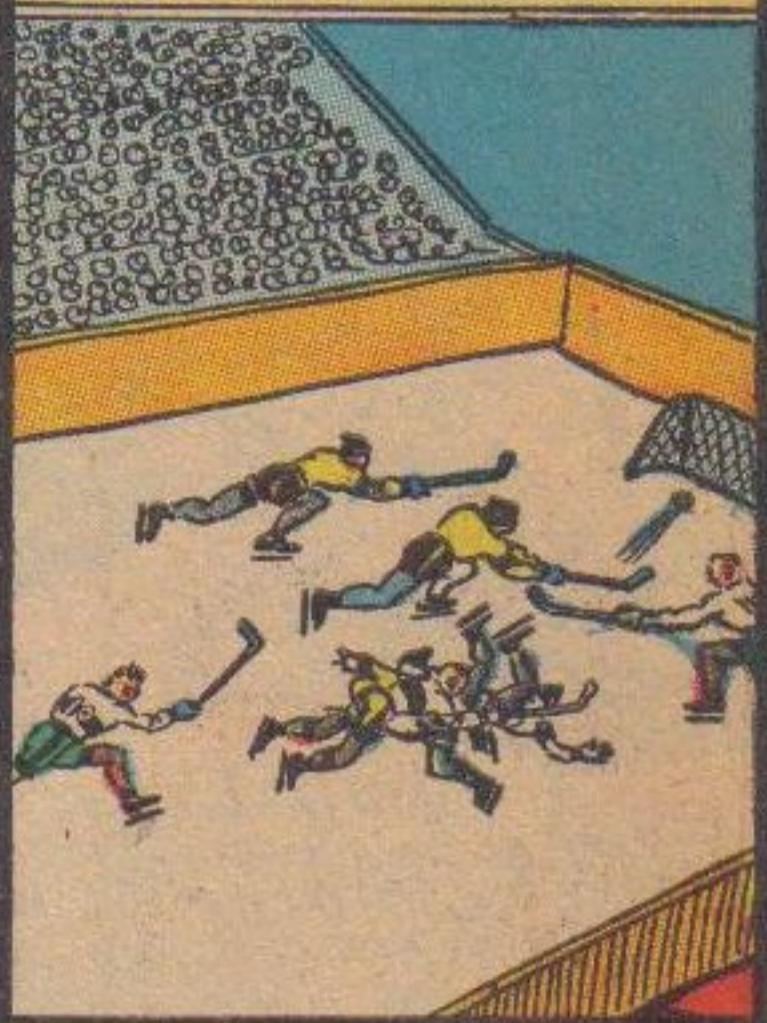
HE'S GETTING  
AWAY, GANG!

CATCH THAT  
GUY!

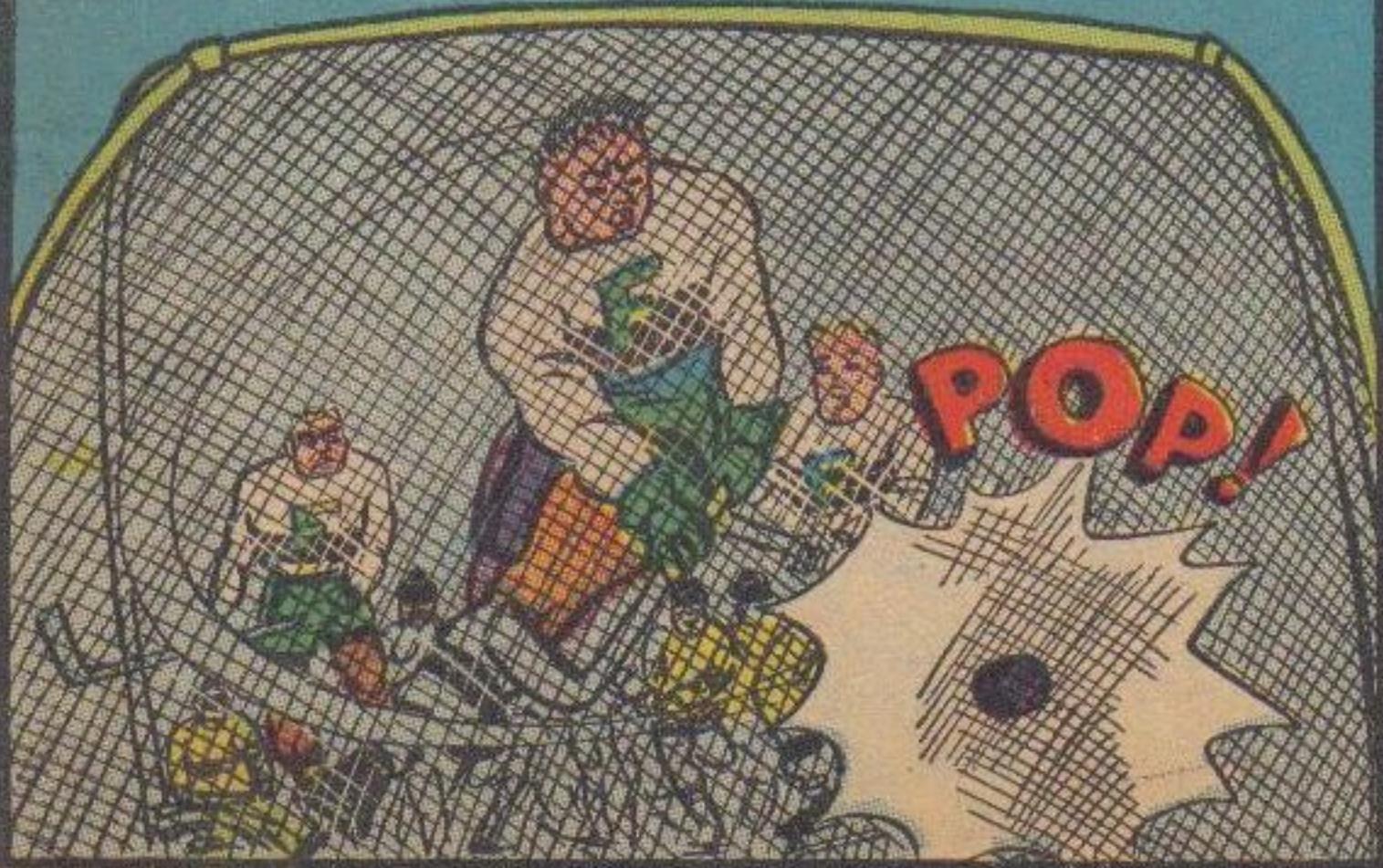
BANG!



--BUT ROGER ACADEMY SLIPS OVER  
ANOTHER GOAL TO LEAD! THE  
RACKETEERS' HOPES SOAR AGAIN!



SUDDENLY THE TERRIFIC TRIO SLIPS THROUGH ROGER'S DEFENSES  
AND OBIE SINKS A SHOT!

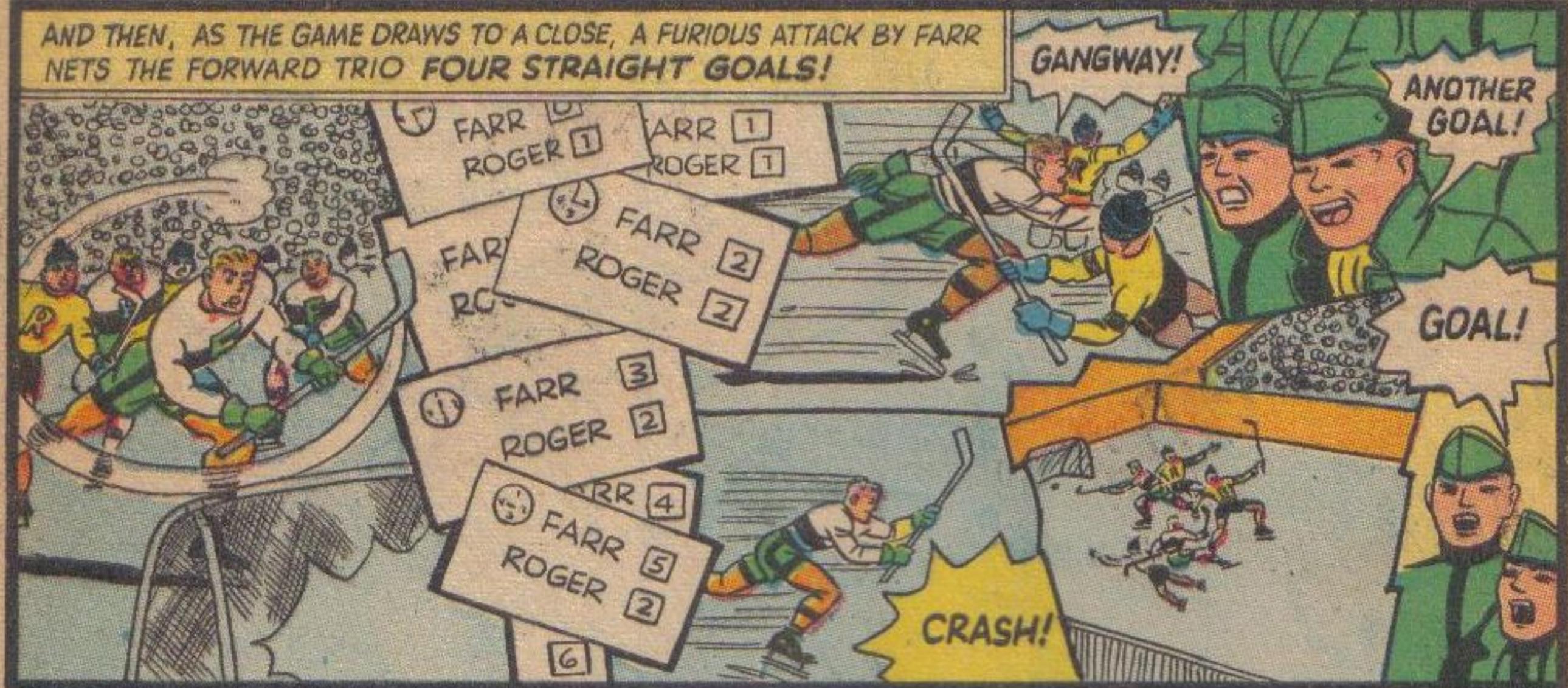


DIDJA SEE DAT?  
DAT PUNK WINTERS  
SHOT DAT ONE! I  
TELL YOU HE'S GIVIN'  
US DA OL' CROSS,  
CHIEF!

SIT DOWN, YA BIG  
LUG! DA KID HASTA  
MAKE IT LOOK  
CLOSE, DON'T HE?  
WAIT AN' SEE WOT  
HAPPENS!



AND THEN, AS THE GAME DRAWS TO A CLOSE, A FURIOUS ATTACK BY FARR NETS THE FORWARD TRIO FOUR STRAIGHT GOALS!



OKAY! DAT'S DA LAST STRAW! DA GAME'S ALMOST OVER! ROGER CAN'T WIN!



NOT REALIZING THE SEATS BEHIND THEM HAVE BEEN CONSTANTLY FILLING WITH FARR CADETS, THE GANGSTERS TURN TO FACE A WALL OF GREEN!



DESE RODS'LL TELL WHO'S DA TOUGH GUYS AROUND HERE! GIT DEM MITS UP IN DA AIR! YOU TIN-HORN SOLDIERS!



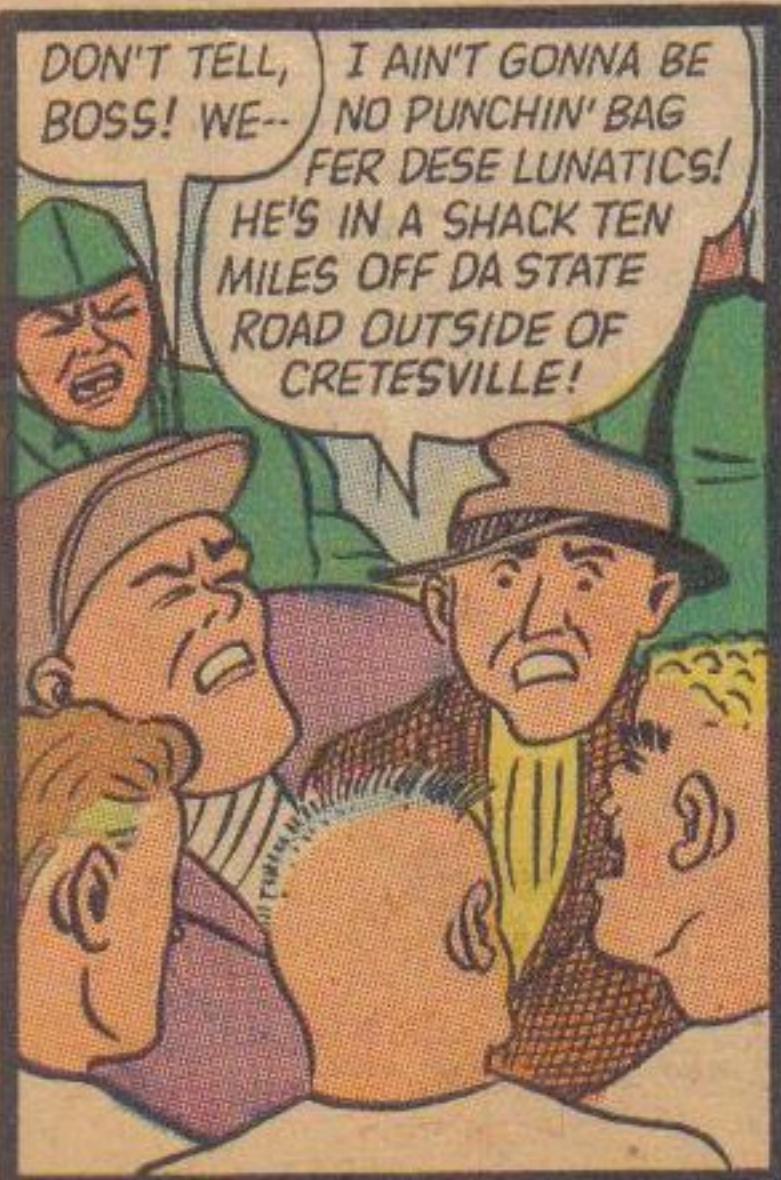
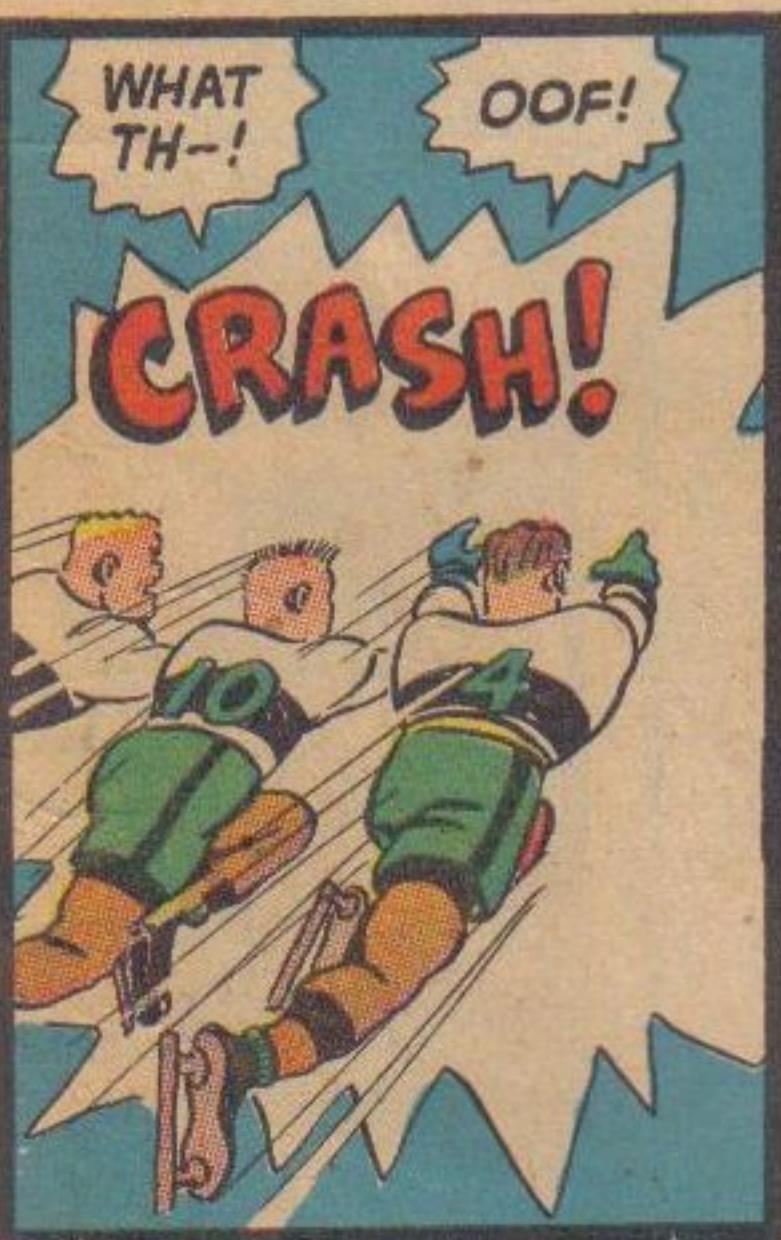
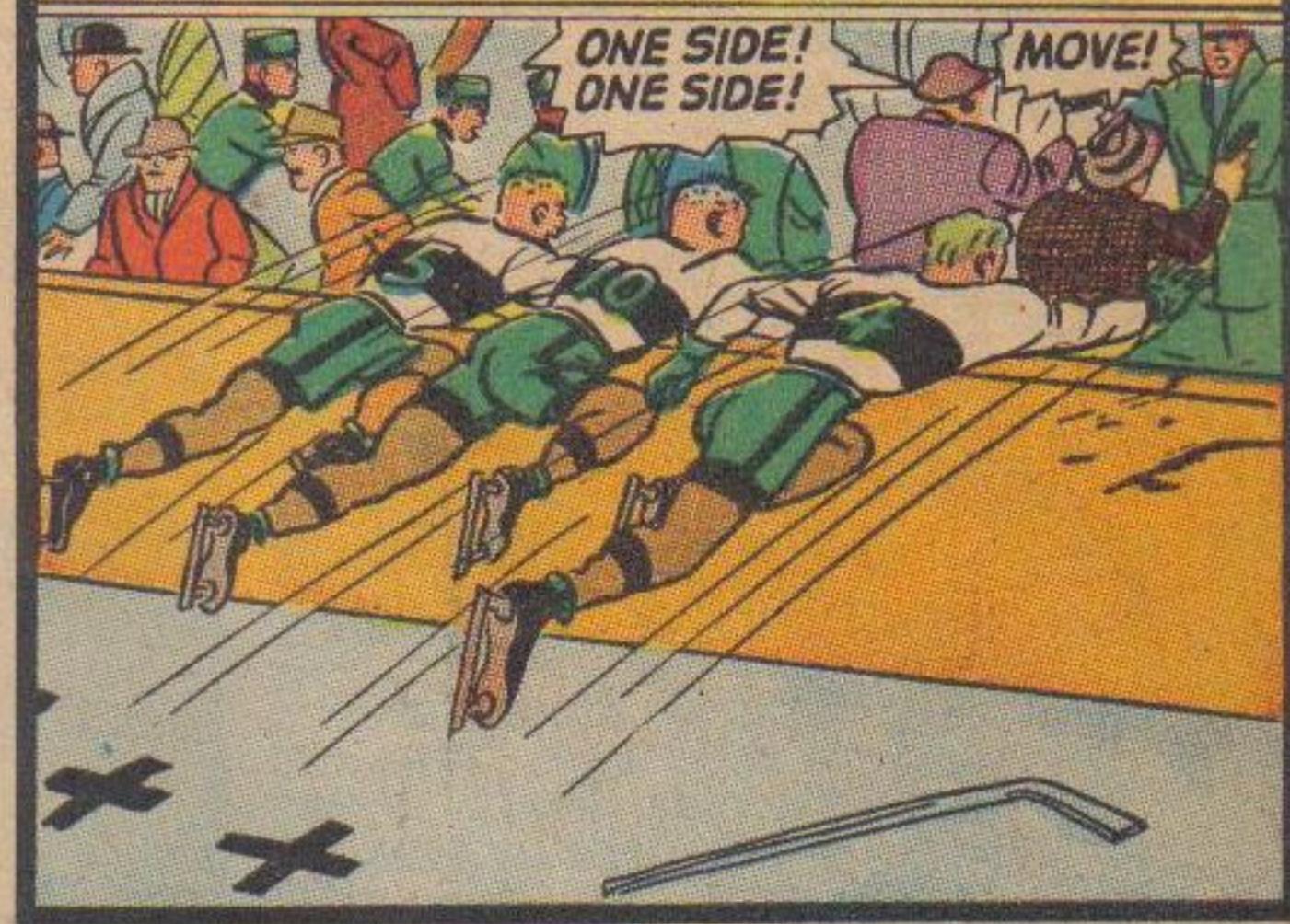
AT THAT INSTANT THE REFEREE'S GUN GOES OFF -- AND THE GAME IS OVER!



A SPLIT-SECOND LATER, THREE RACING FIGURES ZIP ACROSS THE ICE TOWARD THE STANDS!



--THEN, THREE STREAMLINED FORMS HURLE THROUGH THE AIR -- STRAIGHT FOR THE RACKETEERS!



AS NIGHT FALLS -- OUTSIDE OF THE GANG'S HIDEOUT...



\* What You Buy With  
**WAR BONDS** \*

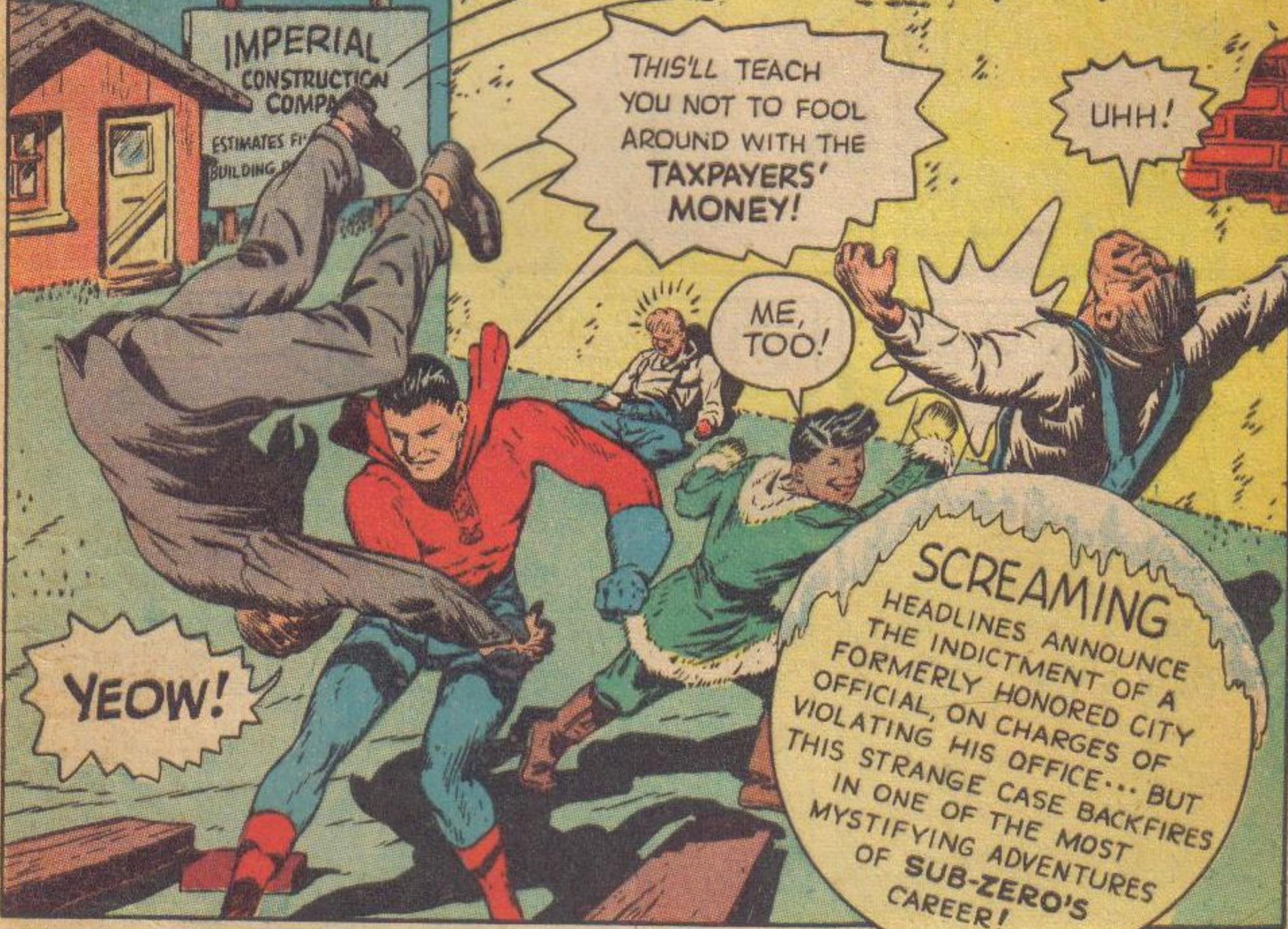
The amphibian tank or tractor is a product of modern warfare and its function is to convey supplies and reserve troops from transports to the battle scene after the initial force has established a beach head or base of operations ashore. The tractor's ability to navigate from land to water obviates the necessity for transhipment of supplies at the water's edge, a process formerly involving great risk of life and equipment loss.



Amphibian tanks in some cases may be used as an assault weapon where rivers or streams must be crossed on the battle field. It is heavily armored, carries a complement of guns and costs approximately \$50,000. Our Army and Marine Corps is using these new war implements and needs hundreds of them. Buy War Bonds every pay day and you can help pay for them. Help your community top its War Bond Quota. U. S. Treasury Department

**DICK COLE**  
WILL BE BACK IN THE  
NEXT **BLUE BOLT**

# SUB-ZERO



AS SUB-ZERO AND FREEZUM CATCH UP ON THE CURRENT NEWS...

THAT'S A SHAME ABOUT DONALD MEADE, THE PARK COMMISSIONER BEING INDICTED FOR SELLING CITY BUILDING MATERIAL TO PRIVATE CONTRACTORS FOR HIS OWN PROFIT. WHAT'S MORE, HE'S SKIPPED TOWN!

YES - HIM NOT FOUND YET! WONDER WHERE HIM HIDEUM?

THEY ARE SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED BY A KNOCK AT THE DOOR...

WHO COULD THAT BE? I GO SEEUM. MAYBE MR. MEADE.... HA-HA!

HOLY COWUM! ... IT IS MR. MEADE!

GOOD EVENING, SUB-ZERO. MAY WE COME IN?

MORNING BUGLE  
POLITICIAN INDICTED

I HAD TO COME, SUB-ZERO!  
YOU'VE DONE SO MUCH FOR THE  
CITY, AND YOU'RE THE ONLY  
ONE WHO CAN HELP ME. I'M  
INNOCENT OF THESE CHARGES,  
SUB-ZERO! INNOCENT—  
DO YOU HEAR ME?

I'D LIKE TO BELIEVE YOU,  
MR. MEADE, BUT HOW CAN YOU  
PROVE IT?

HOW? THAT'S WHAT I CAN'T DO!  
WHOEVER FRAMED ME HAD  
PLENTY OF PAPERS WITH MY  
SIGNATURES ON THEM... MY  
SECRETARY, MR. PRICE, HERE,  
WILL VERIFY THAT.



NERVOUSLY, MEADE JUMPS TO  
HIS FEET AND EXCUSES HIM-  
SELF. LATER, FREEZUM'S EYES  
WANDER TO THE ROOM MEADE  
ENTERED.

✓ AWK! ZERUM-  
COME QUICK! MEADE  
COMMITTUM SUICIDE!



THE MEN JUMP TO THEIR FEET...



BEFORE A SPLIT SECOND PASSES,  
SUB-ZERO LIFTS HIS ARM, AND--

HAVE TO  
STOP  
THIS!

AN ICY ROD SHOOTS FROM HIS  
FINGERTIPS, PARTING THE SHEET!

WHAT'S THE USE OF  
LIVING? WITH THOSE  
CHARGES AGAINST ME,  
I'M RUINED!

EASY,  
OLD MAN, YOU'RE  
ONLY PROVING  
YOUR GUILT IF  
YOU DO  
THAT!

SUB-ZERO CHANGES HIS MIND...

I WAS WRONG, MR. MEADE!  
I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT I  
CAN DO! DO YOU STILL  
HAVE THE KEY TO  
YOUR OFFICE?

YES,  
HERE IT  
IS!

HOORAY!  
WE DO SOME  
INVESTIGATUM!

I THINK  
IT'S  
USELESS!

CAN'T HURT TO  
TRY! MAKE YOURSELF  
AT HOME,  
MR. MEADE!

LET'S  
GO!

THANK  
YOU!

OUTSIDE...

WE'LL BRING  
OUR SEARCHLIGHTS!  
WE'LL NEED  
THEM -- HEY!  
DUCK,  
KID!

HEY!  
WHO PUSHUM  
ME?

PING!

PHEW! JUST IN TIME!  
SOMEONE'S USING A REVOLVER  
WITH A SILENCER AND  
TRYING TO PUT A HOLE  
IN US! --- FOUR, FIVE,  
SIX! --- THAT GUN'S  
EMPTY NOW!  
COME ON!

UGH! HUGGING  
HARD FLOOR  
NO FUN!

FROM THE DIRECTION OF THOSE SHOTS, I'D SAY THEY MUST HAVE COME FROM ONE OF THOSE BUILDINGS! HMM...

ME LIKE TO SLUGGUM GUY WHO DID IT!

AT THE PARK COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE...

WELL, HERE WE ARE--AND NO ONE'S SEEN US!

HMM! DARKER THAN A BLACKOUT HERE!

NOTHING IMPORTANT, YET!

LOTS OF PAPERS! GOOD FOR DEFENSE, EH?

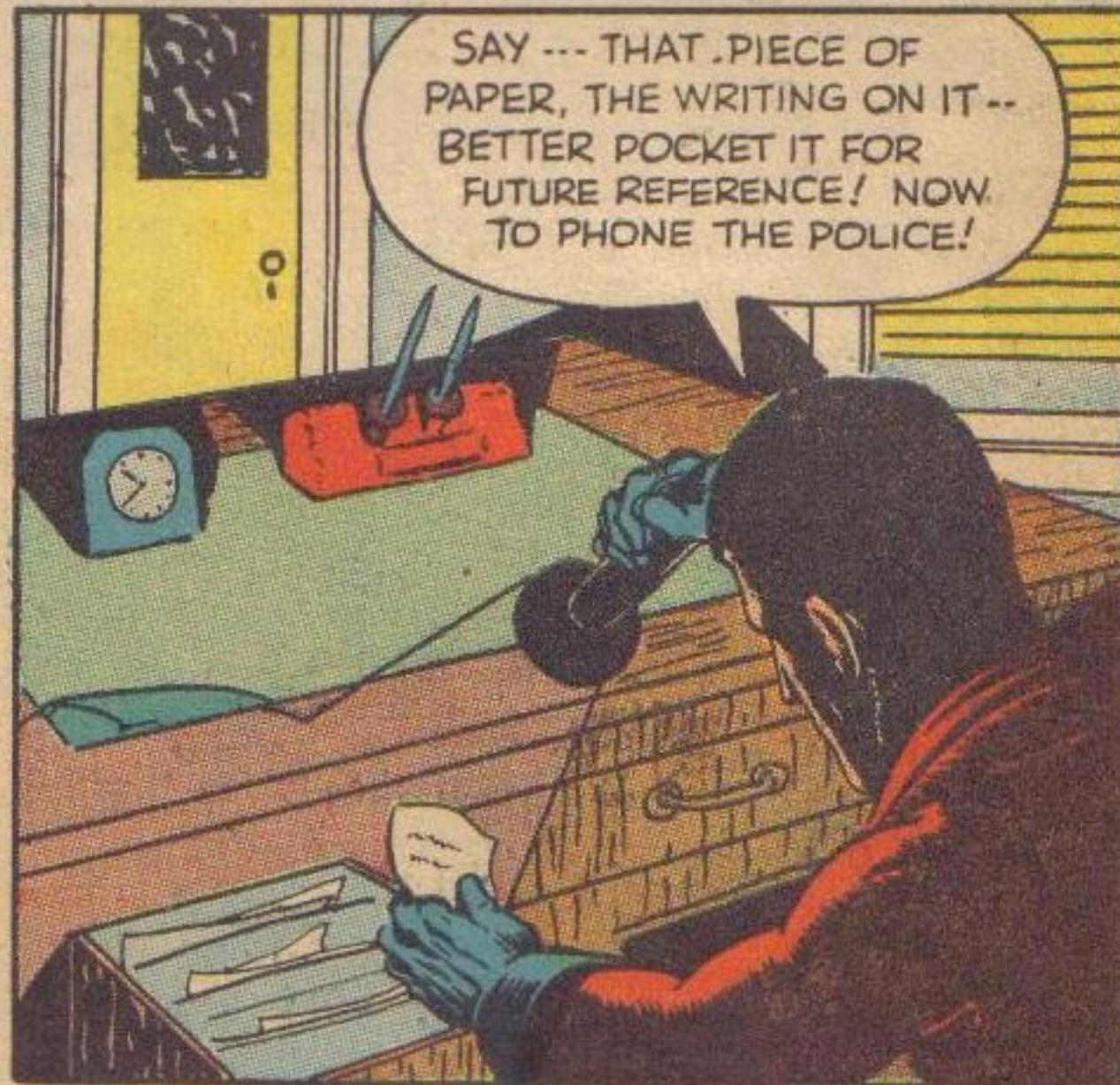


THEN...

THIS DESK MUST BE THE SECRETARY'S, MR. PRICE. HMM--THE USUAL STUFF!



SAY ... THAT PIECE OF PAPER, THE WRITING ON IT-- BETTER POCKET IT FOR FUTURE REFERENCE! NOW TO PHONE THE POLICE!



D.A.? THIS IS SUB-ZERO. -- I'VE GOT MEADE OVER AT MY PLACE, AND I WANT YOU TO GET HIM, BUT DON'T BREAK IN UNTIL TEN O'CLOCK! -- I WANT YOU TO PROMISE ME THAT! OKAY! SO LONG!

ARE YOU GOING TO DOUBLE-CROSSUM MR. MEADE?

THAT'S RIGHT! -- BUT FOR HIS OWN GOOD! COME ON! WE'VE GOT WHAT WE WANT! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

HOKAYUM! -- BUT STILL DON'T GETTUM!



BACK AT SUB-ZERO'S APARTMENT ...

HOW DID IT GO?

PERFECT! THIS WILL BE CLEANED UP IN TEN MINUTES!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

WILL YOU COME IN HERE, MR. MEADE?

W-WHY --- W-WHAT ---?

BETTER DO AS HE SAYS, MR. MEADE ...

ME THINKUM ZERUM HAS PROOF OF MR. MEADE'S GUILT!

I DIDN'T WANT TO SAY THIS BUT I'M BEGINNING TO THINK MR. MEADE IS GUILTY!

SUDDENLY ... A COMMOTION DISTURBS THE CONVERSATION!

WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

ZERUM BEATING UP MR. MEADE! MAYBE HAS CONFESSION!

THE BEDROOM DOOR FLIES OPEN AND ---

SO YOU ADMIT YOUR GUILT, EH?

LET ME GO! -- I'LL CONFESS!

HA! YOU ARE GUILTY! ... YOU WITH YOUR PHONEY STORY OF INNOCENCE AND MAKING ME BELIEVE YOU... PUTTING MY CAREER IN DANGER!

SIT DOWN! YOU'RE GOING TO SIGN A NICE, BRAND-NEW CONFESSION! FREEZUM, PEN AND PAPER!

I'LL HELP YOU!

COMING UPUM!

HERE IT IS -- ALL HE NEEDS TO DO IS SIGN IT!

HELL SIGN IT, ALL RIGHT!



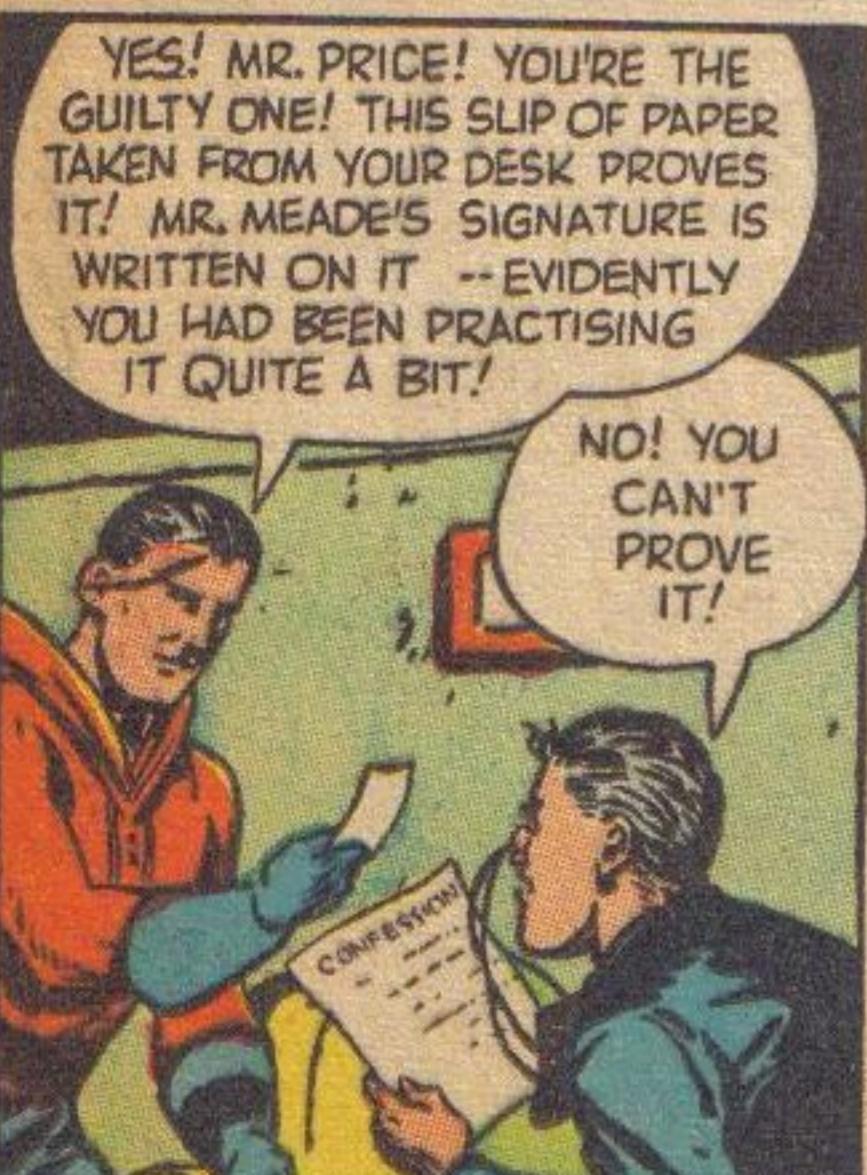
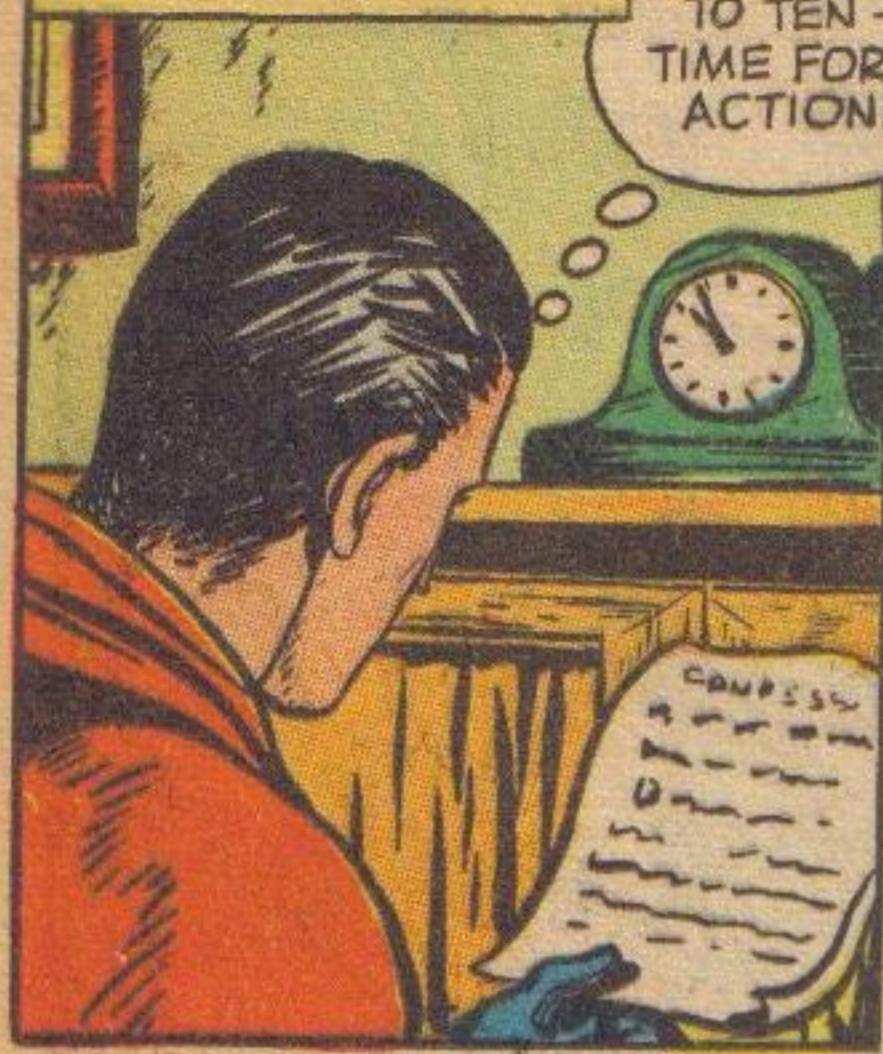
SUB-ZERO GLANCES  
AT THE CLOCK...

EIGHT MINUTES  
TO TEN...  
TIME FOR  
ACTION!

NOW SIGN IT,  
MR. MEADE!

I-I...

HURRY!



TOO BAD!  
YOU USED UP  
ALL YOUR  
BULLETS  
ON US  
BEFORE...

FORGOT  
THAT,  
DIDN'T  
YOU?

WHY,  
YOU...!

THE CRIMINAL SUDDENLY LASHES OUT WITH THE  
GUN BUTT! -- STRAIGHT TO SUB-ZERO'S CHIN!

THIS IS JUST  
AS GOOD --  
WITHOUT  
BULLETS!

OOF!



WHAT A FOOL I  
WAS! I SHOULD  
HAVE CLEARED  
OUT OF HERE  
BEFORE ...

UH-OH!  
PRICE GETTUM  
AWAY!

FREEZUM ACTS FAST! ...

CANE GOODUM  
INVENTION -- MAKE-UM  
MAN STANDUM UP  
OR SITTUM  
DOWN!

BUT SO  
DOES  
PRICE!

YOU BLASTED  
YOUNG SAVAGE!  
TRY THIS!



THE DESPERATE SECRETARY MAKES  
A BOLT FOR THE DOOR, BUT IT  
OPENS BEFORE HIM!

POLICE! WHAT'S COMING  
OFF HERE?

THERE'S  
YOUR MAN,  
D.A....  
PRICE!

PRICE IS CAPTURED!

PRICE, HERE, SOLD THOSE  
BUILDING MATERIALS HIMSELF  
AND SIGNED MR. MEADE'S  
SIGNATURE! THIS PAPER.  
SIGNED BY PRICE  
WILL PROVE IT!

THAT'S  
RIGHT,  
D.A.!

WE'RE GLAD  
YOU'RE CLEAR,  
MEADE! THANKS  
TO SUB-ZERO!

HEY! HOW  
ABOUT ME?  
OWW!  
HEAD  
HURTUM!

THAT'S RIGHT, D.A.!  
FREEZUM USED  
HIS HEAD ON  
THIS CASE, TOO!

HA-HA!  
I CAN  
SEE  
THAT!



SUB-ZERO  
WILL BE BACK  
IN THE NEXT  
BLUE BOLT!

FOR VICTORY  
BUY WAR BONDS  
AND STAMPS

# A JOLLY CHRISTMAS

# BEST

GOSH,  
BUT THEY  
LOOK GOOD!  
EH, EDDIE?

RIGHT! ... BUT IT'S ONLY  
THE BEGINNING... WE'LL  
GO OUT RIGHT NOW  
AND COLLECT  
SOME MORE!  
LET'S GO!

EDDIE AND TERRY  
HAVE DEVOTED THE  
FEW WEEKS BEFORE  
CHRISTMAS TO  
COLLECTING AND  
FIXING UP OLD TOYS  
FOR THE POOR KIDS  
OF THEIR TOWN!

BY RAY GILL AND  
HAROLD DE LAY



I HAVE IT! WE'LL MAKE A MODERN VERSION OF SANTA'S SLED! LET'S DIG OUT THAT OLD TWO-CYLINDER MOTOR YOUR DAD GAVE US!

HERE IT IS! OBOY! A LITTLE WORK ON IT, AND IT WILL HUM LIKE NEW! ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVES, PAL!

THE BOYS GO TO WORK...

IT'S SHAPING UP SWELL, KID...

GOSH... I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO TRY IT OUT!

...AND ARE SOON FINISHED!

THERE!... LOOKS LIKE IT MIGHT EVEN FLY, EH, JERRY?

COME ON, LET'S GET IT SET FOR A TEST RUN!

LATE THAT NIGHT THEY PUSH IT OUT WHILE EVERYBODY ELSE SLEEPS.

I WOULDN'T WANT ANYBODY TO SEE IT... IT WOULD SPOIL THE EFFECT FOR THE POOR KIDS...

HOP IN!

BESIDES... IT MIGHT NOT WORK!

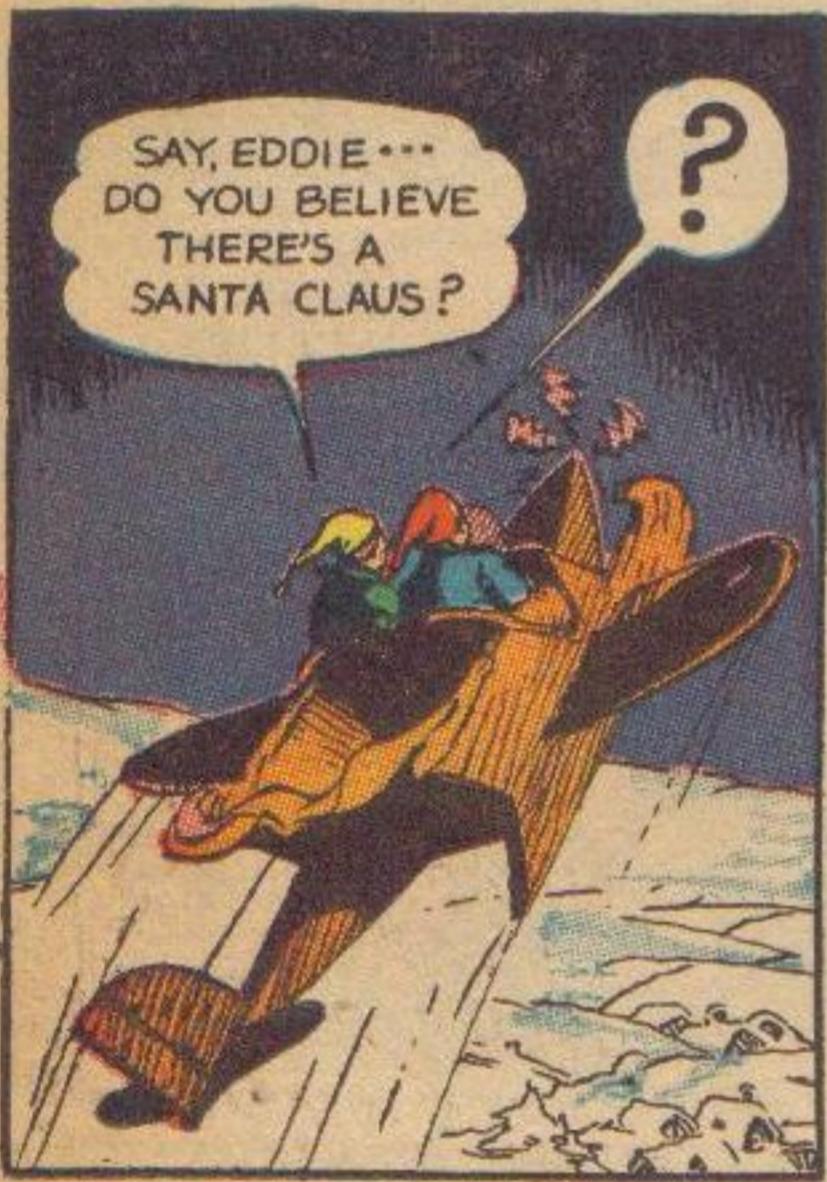
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT— HERE GOES!

OHHHH... I'VE GOT MY FINGERS CROSSED!

IT ACTUALLY FLIES!

WELL, IT SHOULD! THAT'S THE WAY WE PLANNED IT!





BACK TO THE GARAGE WORKSHOP...

WELL...  
HERE WE  
ARE!

...AND BACK  
TO WORK...  
SANTA OR NO  
SANTA!

FOR THE NEXT COUPLE OF DAYS  
THE BOYS WORK FEVERISHLY...

THIS ONE'S  
OKAY...

...AND FINALLY COMPLETE  
THEIR JOB!

A LITTLE  
TOUCHING UP  
ON THIS...  
AND WE'RE  
FINISHED!

GREAT! PILE  
THEM IN THE  
SLED!

THERE'S STILL SOME  
ROOM LEFT... IS THAT  
THE LAST OF  
THEM?

YES... AND  
I CAN'T SAY I'M  
SORRY...  
**PHEW!**

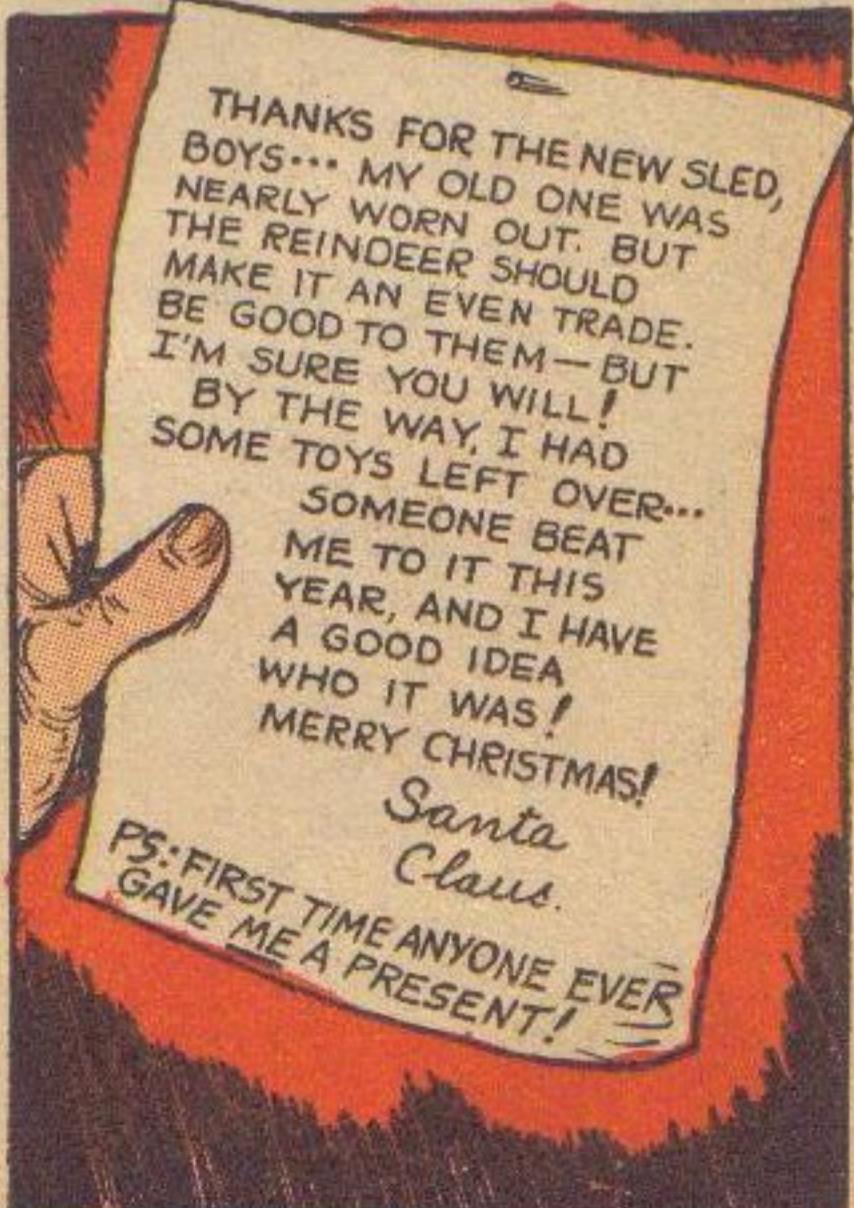
THEN... CHRISTMAS EVE....

HERE GOES  
THE **SANTA**  
STREAMLINER!

WE'RE  
OFF!

THERE'S THE POOR SECTION AHEAD...  
JUST BEYOND THE RAILROAD TRACKS....  
GET YOUR FIRST PACKAGE  
READY!

CHECK!...  
I'VE GOT MY  
LIST OF HOUSES  
RIGHT HERE!



BY EDDIE (SANTA) BELL

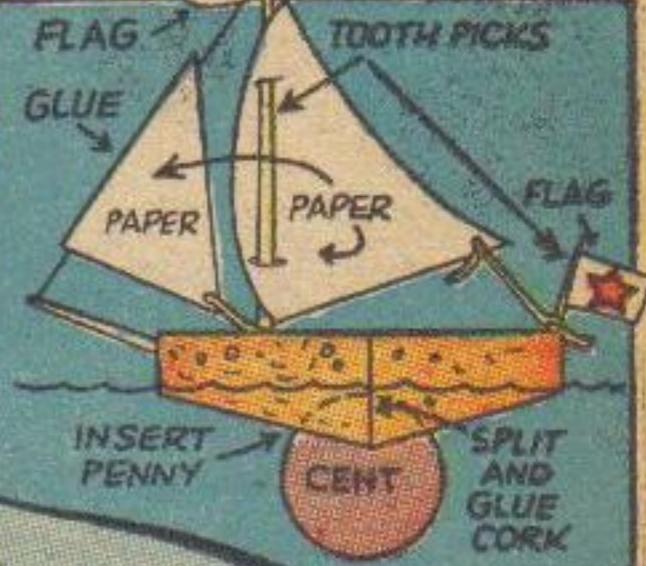
# MAKE IT YOURSELF XMAS

WITH FACTORIES BOOMING DAY AND NIGHT IN AN EFFORT TO PRODUCE THE WEAPONS FOR WAR, EDDIE BELL SUGGESTS A FEW THINGS YOU CAN MAKE FOR YOURSELF THIS YEAR ... AND HELP LIGHTEN THE PRODUCTION BURDEN! IT ALL HELPS!

HALF THE FUN IS IN MAKING IT YOURSELF!

SIMPLY A BOX-LIKE TOP SET ON AN OLD SLED!

## CORK BOATS!



## FUN ON STILTS

...HOW TO GET UP IN THE WORLD -- IN ONE EASY LESSON!

TWO LONG BOARDS, WITH HOLES DRILLED FOR THE MOVEABLE PEGS, OR STEPS, AND YOU HAVE A GOOD PAIR OF STILTS!

WITH A LITTLE PRACTICE, STARTING WITH THE BOTTOM POSITIONS, OF COURSE, YOU WILL SOON BE THE TALLEST PERSON IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

BE CAREFUL ON SLIPPERY STREETS! AND DON'T TAKE CHANCES BY PUTTING PEGS IN THE HIGH HOLES AT FIRST!

PAINT THESE ON YOURSELF!



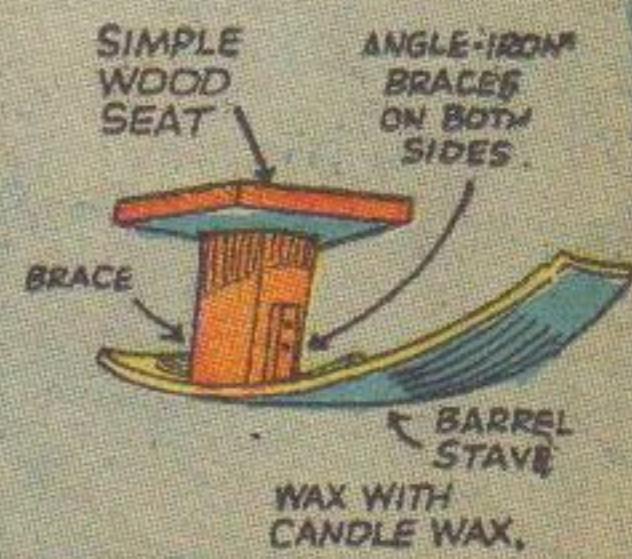
## A LONG DISTANCE PAPER FLYER!

- THE ADDITION OF THE PAPER CLIP IN THE APPROXIMATE CENTER, PLUS THE BENT-UP TAIL SURFACES FOR LIFT, MAKE THIS PLANE A RECORD BREAKER!



## MAKE THIS SINGLE-STAVE SLED!

- SPEAKING OF STILTS, HERE'S A SIMPLE SLED THAT'S GUARANTEED TO PROVIDE MORE FUN THAN TEN BARRELS OF MONKEYS! MAKE IT AND RIDE IT! IT'S ONE SURE WAY TO STAY YOUNG!



The

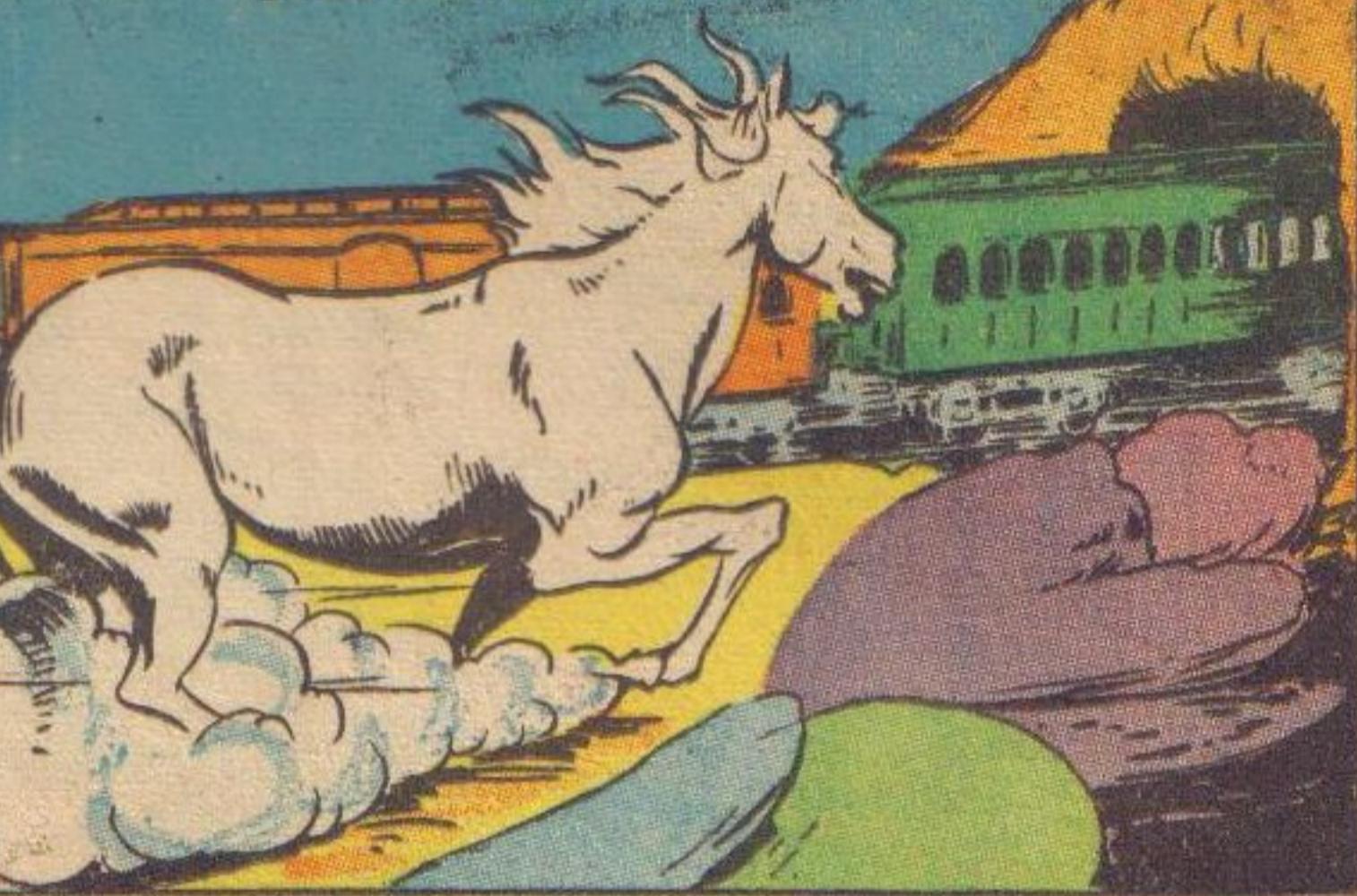
# WHITE RIDER SUPER HORSE

ONCE

IN

## THE TEXAS RANGERS!

ON THE  
BADLANDS OF THE  
WESTERN PLAINS, MAIL  
EXPRESS TRAINS ARE  
LOOTED REPEATEDLY! --  
WHITE RIDER AND  
SUPERHORSE  
ARE DETAILED TO  
GO AFTER THEM!



**I**N AN OLD HOTEL ROOM, WHITE RIDER  
PREPARES TO GO ON THE TRAIL....

I'LL JUST CHANGE INTO  
THESE COWPUNCHER  
CLOTHES. DON'T THINK  
ANYBODY'LL RECOGNIZE  
ME THEN!



YOU STAY HERE, CLOUD,  
UNTIL I GET BACK -- AND  
DON'T KNOCK DOWN  
ANY FENCES!



**M**INUTES LATER, AS THE MAIL TRAIN  
PULLS INTO THE STATION...

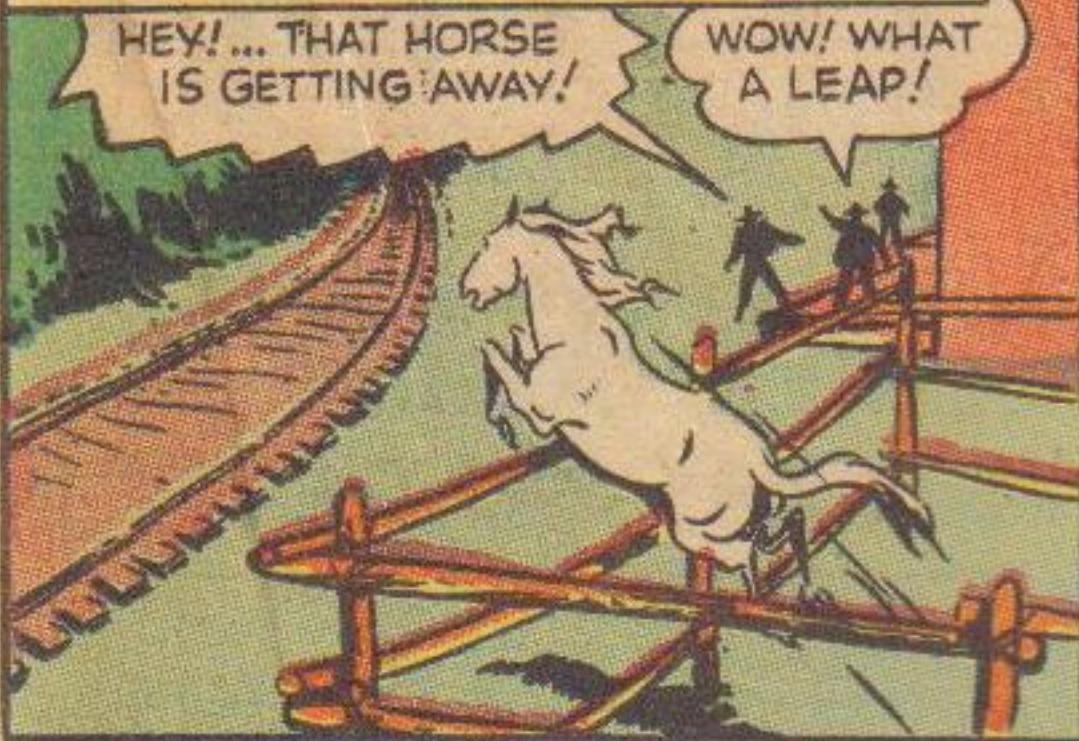
IT'S GITTIN SO THET  
A MAN CAN'T TRUST  
NOBODY!

HERE GOES! HOPE  
THOSE BANDITS  
TRY SOMETHING  
ON THIS  
RUN!

ALL  
ABOARD!



HOWEVER, SUPERHORSE SENSES THAT DANGER IS ABOUT TO BEFALL HIS MASTER! THEN, AS THE TRAIN PULLS OUT! ...



BY TAKING SHORT-CUTS, SUPERHORSE MANAGES TO KEEP THE TRAIN IN SIGHT... TIREDLESSLY HE RUNS, EAGER TO BE IN ON ANY IMPENDING EXCITEMENT!



MEANWHILE, ON THE TRAIN ...



THE TRAIN IS SUDDENLY PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS, AS IT ENTERS A TUNNEL...

UH-OH! HERE'S THE DARKNESS -- BUT I'M GOING TO BE OKAY SO LONG AS I'VE GOT MY GUN !

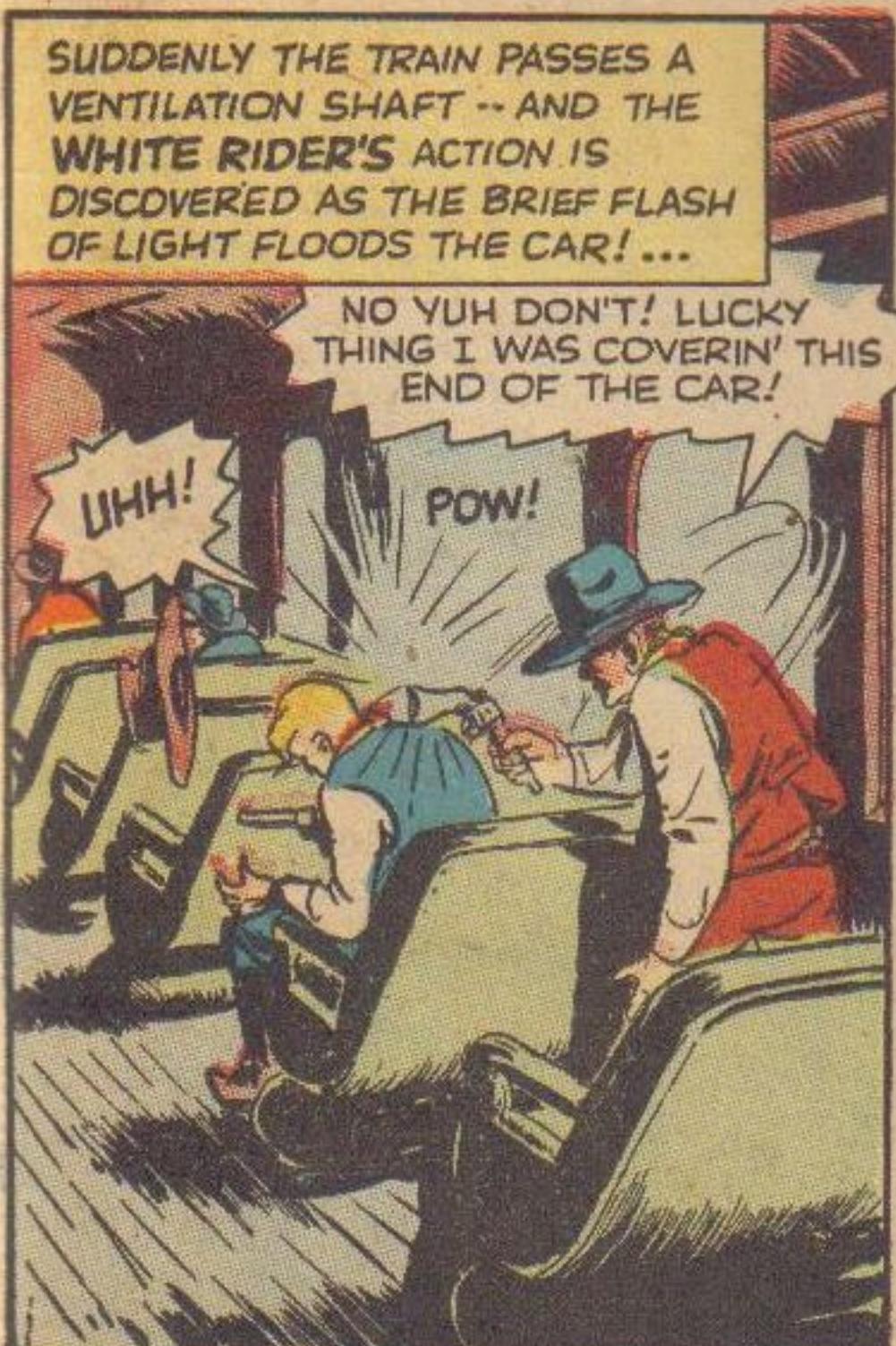
--AND FROM THE BLACKNESS A GRUFF VOICE BOOMS:

THIS IS A STICK-UP! FIRST ONE TO MOVE GETS PLUGGED!

SO! THAT'S WHY THEY HAD THEIR EYES SHUT -- SO THEY CAN NOW SEE IN THE DARK! I'LL HAVE TO DRAW CAUTIOUSLY!

SUDDENLY THE TRAIN PASSES A VENTILATION SHAFT -- AND THE WHITE RIDER'S ACTION IS DISCOVERED AS THE BRIEF FLASH OF LIGHT FLOODS THE CAR! ...

NO YUH DON'T! LUCKY THING I WAS COVERIN' THIS END OF THE CAR!



A MOMENT LATER, ON THE PLATFORM BETWEEN THE COACH AND THE MAIL CAR!

GET TO THE MAIL CAR! QUICK! I'LL COVER THE PASSENGERS! OUR HORSES ARE WAITING FOR US AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL!

OKAY, CHIEF! I GOT THAT SMART GUY'S GUN!

LOCKING THE PASSENGERS IN THE COACH, THE "CHIEF" POCKETS THE KEY, AND BOASTFULLY SHOUTS:

DON'T TRY FOLLOWING US! THIS DOOR IS LOCKED, AND THE SIGNAL CORD TO THE ENGINEER IS CUT! SMART, EH? HA-HA-HA! ADIOS, CHUMPS!

OH!

OW! MY HEAD! HOLY SMOKES! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!



AS THE WHITE RIDER SUSPECTED, THE THREE MEN ARE BANDITS. THEIR WORK DONE, THEY JUMP OFF THE END CAR AT THE POINT WHERE THEIR HORSES ARE STAKED.

THAT SURE WAS AN EASY JOB!

GET TO THOSE HORSES! -- FAST!

BREAKING THROUGH THE DOOR, THE WHITE RIDER FINDS ONLY A SEMI-CONSCIOUS CLERK IN THE MAIL CAR!

THANKS, PARDNER!

DON'T MIND ME! I'M ALL RIGHT! THEY'VE GONE TO THE BACK!

QUICKLY, WHITE RIDER DASHES TO THE OBSERVATION, AND SEES ...

CLOUD! WHAT'S HE DOING HERE? HERE FELLOW! COME CLOSER!

THEN, WHITE RIDER JUMPS!

MADE IT! NOW GET GOING, CLOUD!

GOOD LUCK, STRANGER! BE CAREFUL!

AS CLOUD, THE SUPERHORSE, COMES IN CLOSER, WHITE RIDER SCRAMBLES OVER THE HAND RAIL ...

THEY'RE GONE! -- JUMPED! WHAT YOU GONNA DO, MISTER?

--GET THOSE CROOKS! --JUST A LITTLE CLOSER, CLOUD!

WHITE RIDER DOUBLES BACK ON THE TRAIL, UNTIL ...

HERE'S WHERE THEY JUMPED OFF -- IT'LL BE EASY TO FOLLOW THOSE TRACKS FROM HERE! LET'S RIDE!

THE TRAIL LEADS UP A CANYON -- AND AT THE END OF IT ...

A CABIN! THIS MUST BE THE PLACE, CLOUD! WE'LL WAIT FOR NIGHTFALL BEFORE WE CLOSE IN!

NIGHT COMES SWIFTLY -- AND, WITH GUN DRAWN, THE PAIR GLIDE TOWARD THE CABIN ...

QUIET, NOW, CLOUD! WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE!

APPROACHING CAUTIOUSLY, **WHITE RIDER**  
REACHES THE DOOR—THEN BURSTS THROUGH!

HEY! WHAT  
TH'—

HUH?

REACH—YOU  
BLASTED TRAIN  
ROBBERS!

SUDDENLY—A MAN STEPS FROM  
BEHIND THE DOOR, AND...

HOLD THE SNOOPER  
JOE! I'LL GET  
HIS GUN!



FREEING HIMSELF  
WITH A POWERFUL  
TWIST, **WHITE  
RIDER** LUNGES!

YOU'VE GOT A JOB  
ON YOUR HANDS BEFORE  
YOU TAKE ME!

LET HIM  
HAVE IT!



FIGHTING DESPERATELY, **WHITE RIDER** ATTACKS HIS  
ASSAILANTS...

LET ME  
AT HIM!



HOWEVER, A HEAVY RIFLE-BUTT  
ENDS THE FIGHT!

GOOD  
WORK,  
MIKE!

UHH!

THEN...

SOUNDS LIKE AN  
EARTHQUAKE!  
GET OUT THE BACK  
WAY! QUICK!

HOLY  
SMOKES!  
WHAT'S  
THAT?



...OUTSIDE THE DOOR -- CLOUD!

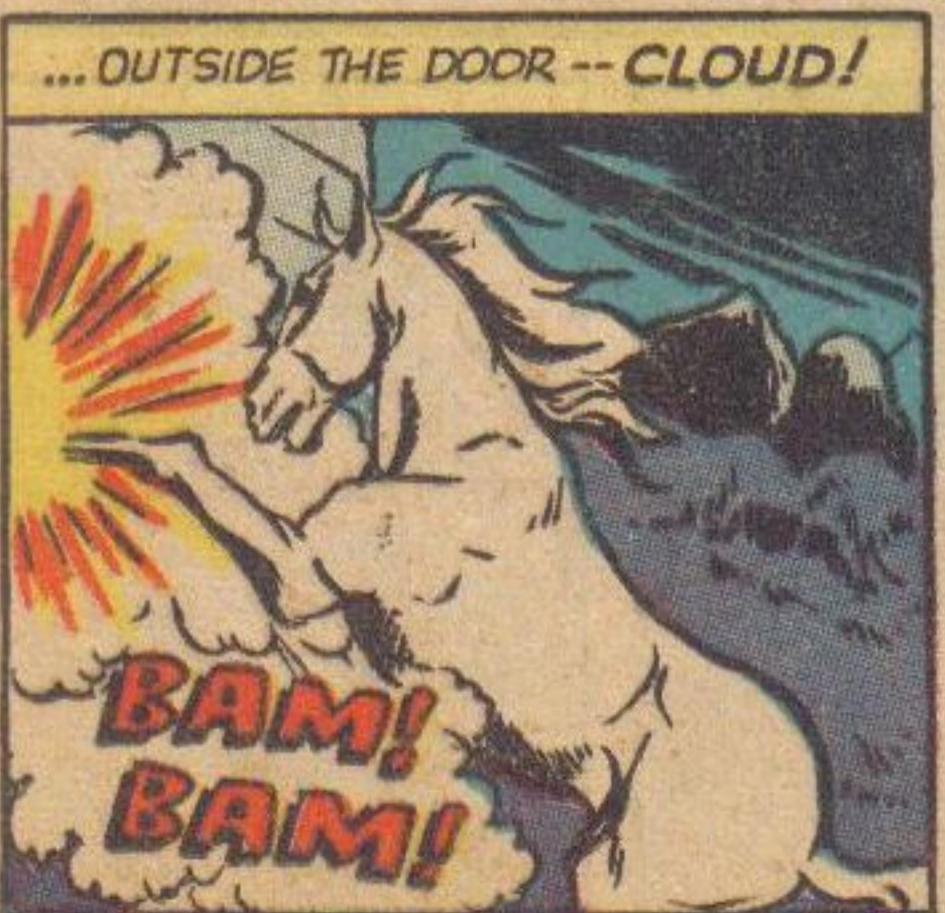
BAM!  
BAM!

AS THE MEN COME RUNNING AROUND  
THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE....

BACK INSIDE!  
HE'S COMING  
FOR US!

GREAT  
GUNS!

AWK! IT'S A  
HORSE! A WILD  
HORSE!



HELP!  
LEMME  
INSIDE!

HE'S RIGHT  
BEHIND US!

INSIDE... WHITE RIDER, RECOVERING FROM THE BLOW ON HIS HEAD, HEARS THE COMMOTION ...

AH! CLOUD'S AFTER THE CROOKS...  
AND THEY'RE COMING BACK!  
I'LL FIX 'EM!

...AND HURLS A CHAIR AT THE TERRIFIED MEN!

HAVE A SEAT, YA MANGY CROOKS!

LOOK OUT!  
OOPS!!!

WATCH IT!

IN A FLASH, WHITE RIDER HAS MIKE DOWN AND HAS SNATCHED THE GUN FROM HIS HOLSTER!

GRAB SPACE --  
AND QUICK!  
THIS TIME  
YOU'LL  
BE FINISHED!

THEN FORCES MIKE TO TIE UP HIS CONFEDERATES...

COME ON!  
MAKE IT SNAPPY!

SHUT UP!  
IT'S YOUR FAULT  
WE'RE IN THIS  
MESS!

OUCH!  
TAKE IT  
EASY!

...THEN WHITE RIDER TIES UP MIKE, HIMSELF!

OUTSIDE, TINHORNS!  
WHERE YOU'RE GOING  
YOU'LL NEVER  
SEE A MAIL TRAIN  
AGAIN!

AND SO...  
WITH THE STOLEN  
MAIL BAGS TIED TO  
HIS SADDLE, AND  
THE SECURELY-BOUND  
CROOKS MOUNTED  
BEHIND HIM,  
**WHITE RIDER**  
SETS OFF! ....

... AGAIN  
JUSTICE  
TRIUMPHS!

GOOD WORK, CLOUD!  
I DON'T KNOW WHAT  
I'D DO WITH-  
OUT YOU!



GOOD LUCK  
TO YOU!

WHITE RIDER  
and  
SUPERHORSE  
WILL BE BACK  
WITH US AGAIN  
IN THE NEXT  
**BLUE BOLT!**

# STAMP COLLECTING

By Eugene L. Pollock

## SAINT BENEDICT'S MIRACLES

Nearly fifteen centuries ago, when Europe was a wild country, there lived a man named Benedict. He had given up a vast fortune to remain in prayer in a little cave in the hills of Italy. After three years as a hermit Benedict became the head of a monastery, the home of monks.

As he was very strict, some of the monks tried to poison him and make room for an easier ruler. Benedict learned of the plot and made the sign of the cross over the vessel holding the poison. It broke apart as if it had been struck with an ax. One day a lad who was drawing water at a lake fell in and was drowning when Benedict saw him. He ordered a monk to run quickly and draw out the boy. The man walked upon the water, legend tells us, as if it were solid earth and pulled the drowning child out of danger.

The stories of the miracles spread throughout Italy and Benedict was called a saint. From every part of Europe came people to receive the blessings of the holy man and wait to see a miracle he might perform.

There was a ruffian named Galla who traveled about Italy killing monks and priests for sport, just as some men went hunting for wild animals. He would also torture travelers for their money and belongings. One peasant, afraid that Galla would kill him, as he had nothing to give away, told the bandit that all of his property was in the hands of Benedict, a servant of God. Galla roughly tied the poor man's arms with a rope and thrust him before his horse, ordering the peasant to lead the way to Benedict's house, who had taken the money he expected to steal. Galla beat and tortured the man as he painfully led him to the home of the saint.

Benedict was seated before his door as the pair came upon him. Galla cried out in an angry tone, thinking he could frighten the peaceful monk. "Rise up, rise up, and restore quickly what thou hast received from the peasant!" The saint raised his eyes from his book and, without speaking, looked upon Galla and then upon the farmer bound with rope. Another miracle was performed, for the rope became untied and the peasant stood up, erect and free, while the once rough and fierce Galla fell to the ground and begged Benedict to pray for him. From that time on, we are told, Galla was more humble than the poor peasant he had captured.

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FRASEK COMPANY, WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK

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(1) Big collection of 112 all different genuine stamps, from Africa, South America, South Sea Islands, etc. Includes Nicaragua airmail; triangle and animal stamps; many others. (2) 2 scarce unused United States, cat. price 20¢. (3) Fine packet 25 dif. British Colonies—Charkhari, Jamaica, Johore, etc. (4) U. S. \$4.00 and \$5.00 high values. Total catalog price over \$4.00! Everything for only 5¢ to approval applicants! Big lists of other bargains free.

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**55 DIFFERENT U.S. 5¢**  
including AIRMAILS, PRESIDENTIALS, high values, 19th Century, COMMEMORATIVES, coils, revenues, etc., to applicants for our BARGAIN APPROVALS. FREE BIG LISTS included.

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Few collectors have ever seen these rare U. S. locals issued by Wells, Fargo & Co. in 1861. Since originals are practically unobtainable, we will send a free set of facsimile reproductions to approval applicants who enclose 4¢ (four cents) postage.

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**111 ALL DIFFERENT STAMPS CATALOG VALUE OVER \$2.25**  
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**FREE**

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containing stamps from AFGHANISTAN (oblong), NORTH BORNEO (buffalo), MANCHUKUO (russoleum), SARAWAK (raja), GUADELOUPE (sugar refining), COSTA RICA (triangle), MARTINIQUE (view), BRUNEI (boating). This entire packet for only 3¢ to approval applicants. Big illustrated lists free with each order.

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Showing Bombed U. S. Embassy & Ecuador with U. S. Flag in natural colors, also packet with "Christ" triangle, Giant Diamond, Chinese "Midget", Red Army Soldier, R.A.F. Pilot, Mozambique, "bullfight" stamp, Earthquake Airmail, Asia, Africa, Giraffe, ex-Nazi Colony, etc.—all 5¢ with approvals.

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Showing Austrian troops in actual battle scenes, this World War orphans charity set has become quite scarce. While our supply lasts we will send approval applicants a set of these stamps and the interesting Finland Helsinki set. Just send us 4¢ (four cents) service charge.

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Big packet includes Giant Siberian "Fighting Cossack" DIAMOND-SHAPED STAMP; queer "half-stamp" TRIANGLE, Gobi Desert, Devil's Island, Singapore, First U. S. commemorative (50 yrs. old), Blue lot 19 Asia war stamps, etc.—altogether 30 all different—all GIVEN with approvals for 3¢ postage.

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**MEXICO CENSUS SET COMPLETE**  
Free to approval applicants

PLADON STAMP CO. 1717 Idaho, Dept. K, Toledo, Ohio

# FIGHTING MAD

BY MICKEY SPILLANE

"ROLL OUT, you buzzards, there's a scramble at 15,000!" The Yankee pilot who yelled the order ducked back under a barrage of shoes. He stuck his head in the door once more. "Shake it up. We have five minutes to get up in!" The boys hopped into their flying togs in two minutes flat and dashed out of the door. Japs had been coming over Australia quite frequently the last week, and every one of the boys were anxious to bag one of the Nippone.

Shorty Peters put his foot in the slot of his fighter and barked out some final instructions over the roar of the motors. "Bombers are coming over. Get the altitude on them, peel off and pick your crate. Get the bombers first, then go for the pursuit planes. Now hop to it!" The men ran to their P 40's and climbed aboard. They fed the throttles and the propellers raced. A quick pivot, and the flight tore down the runway and zipped into the air, reaching for altitude.

THEY WERE A GAY bunch, fighting to keep the war away from the States. With every Jap they downed it meant less chance of bombs reaching America. They fought with a vengeance, a ripping, slashing pack of hungry sky wolves, eager to send leaden death into every Rising Sun plane.

Fifteen minutes from their base, Shorty saw the specks of the approaching Zero fighters escorting a flight of heavy bombers. He flipped the switch on the inter-com phones and whispered. The throat sonovox attachment threw his voice to the other planes. "All right, fellows, they're straight ahead. Get another thousand feet of sky under you and peel off!"

Once again the sticks went back and the flight climbed. The Zeros were coming up fast now. With the sun at their backs, the Americans peeled off into a dizzying dive . . . heading straight for the Japs. Fingers touched trigger buttons, and a leaden stream of death blasted into the Jap ships. Flames shot from the leading plane, its motor screamed in protest, and it went into a spin. Three others followed it down, dead men at the controls! "Every man for himself!" Shorty yelled. "Grab one and hang on!"

The surprise attack was over . . . the sky blazed with tracer bullets as the Japanese recovered to take advantage of their superior forces. The odds were two to one! Peters let the Zero in front of him have a burst in the tail section, and when he saw it go out of control, zoomed up under the belly of a bomber. Shells screamed down from the lower blisters, but clever stick handling took Shorty out of the way. The P 40 had its nose pointing straight up, and just before the ship stalled, he tripped the trigger.

The blinding flash of the explosion that followed almost got him. The P 40 shot sidewise across the sky. He had hit the bomb load! Desperately he grabbed the controls and tried to get his plane back on its course, but the explosion must have destroyed his airfoils — the ship wouldn't respond! He took one look above him, saw that the bombers had turned tail for home, leaving the Zeros to fight it out, forced open the greenhouse, and jumped.

Shorty knew that he dare not open the chute too soon, for a helpless man dangling from shroud lines was an ideal target to these birds. Slowly he counted off the seconds, mentally com-

puting his speed of fall. This had to be good — or he was a goner! When his count told him that he was a few hundred feet from the ground below, he yanked the rip cord. Silk spilled out of the pack, and he was jerked violently in mid-air. From side to side he swung, like a great pendulum, and socked into a tree a moment later.

Dazed, he opened his eyes and felt for broken bones, then breathed a great sigh of relief when he found that he had none. Peters unsnapped his chute and crawled out. About him was dense foliage, with huge trees bursting through it. Millions of strange bugs chirped madly, their noises rising like the morning fog that was lifting from the earth. Where was he?

Knowing that a dogfight could throw you miles off course, Peters took careful note of his surroundings. Above him, the other planes had drifted out of sight, his men probably giving him up for lost when they saw him dropping to earth. By his last calculations, he had been midway in the Arafura Sea, between Australia and New Guinea. This must be one of the hundreds of islands that lay in the area!

Climbing one of the trees, he located the water, and the sun gave him his direction. Fortunately, he was facing south, the direction of his home base . . . now what? He could sit down to wait for a passing ship, but how would he reach it? All these places were under Japanese control, and if he was found, it would mean death! He lay on the soil, his eyes closed, and he dropped off to sleep.

THE SHARP BUTT EDGE of a rifle aroused him with a start. A hissing voice spoke softly. "So, we have a vissitor! . . . Get up,

*"Yankee Pig, our commander will want to question you!"* Shorty was so startled that he could do nothing but obey. With the rifle menacing him, he was marched around the tip of the island, through a fringe of the forest . . . and in the cove provided by horn-shaped segments of land was the Jap base! And in the water were a half dozen submarines!

So this was where the subs that were sinking the convoy ships operated from. The rifle prodded him into the operations office, where a fat officer sat behind a desk. The two conversed swiftly in Nipponese, then the officer addressed him. "You are a spy, yesss? And you know what happens to spies, no?"

"Spy my eye!" Peters shot back. "I'm a prisoner of war, that's what, and I expect to be treated as such!"

The Jap laughed. "Take him away. In the morning we will shoot him. Right now we must prepare the submarines." Peters turned red with anger. This was an outrage! But once again the gun ground into his spine and he was led outside. The Jap summoned two others, and he was thrown, roughly, into a wooden shack and the door bolted. He knew one of the Jappies would remain outside to make sure he stayed put. What a mess!

**NIGHT CLOSED IN FAST.** For a while Shorty rested, until the noisy activity outside awakened him completely. He took careful note of his prison. Obviously, it was just a shack. Going to the rear, Peters fingered some warped boards and gave one a yank. It came loose in his hands! Well . . . this was really insulting! Who did they think he was . . . one of their own kind! . . . Sticking him in a place like this believing that he couldn't get out!

Whatever the confusion was outside, it covered the noise he made nicely. In two minutes he had the boards off and slipped

out. Slowly, he crept around to the front. There the sentry was looking longingly at a small celebration going on at the waterfront. Peters pulled back his fist . . . his other hand flipped off the sentry's helmet, and he smacked him with all his weight in the back of the neck! The guy went down . . . out cold!

Peter's hands worked swiftly. He stripped the guy and donned his uniform. A moment later he was gliding through the darkness to the water's edge. There, rolling slowly were a group of Jap torpedo boats . . . designs copied from the American original. But there was one thing they'd never copy . . . the fighting spirit that drove those "skeeters"! One man stood there . . . unaware of the figure behind him. Again that fist flashed, and the Jap went down in a crumpled heap!

Leaping to the deck of a "skeeter," Shorty Peters ducked into the engine room. He pushed the starting button, threw the boat into reverse, leaped out and untied it, then grabbed the controls again. Immediately the beach was the scene of wild disorder. Shots rang out . . . lights caught the boat in their glare . . . but they were too late . . . Peters gave her the gun and headed towards the open sea.

One of the lights caught a sub floating idly in the speeding craft's path, and Shorty got an idea. He set the controls on the automatic pilot and climbed outside to the torpedo tubes. They were already loaded for action. He swung the forward tube out, then shoved the firing lever. With a hiss and a splash the steel fish popped out and raced for the sub!

**CRASH!** The submarine went up in a welter of foam and debris. Steel plates rained down into the water. Peters dodged the remnants of the sub and went for the next. The foolish Japs kept the lights on and they lit up the place perfectly. The skeeter was an im-

possible target to hit, speeding as it was. Within the next five minutes Tom got two more torpedoes off . . . and two more subs went to the bottom, a hopeless mass of junk!

But he had to get out of here at any time the Japs might bring some machine guns or heavy artillery into play . . . they might even summon their aircraft! Shorty gave the boat full gun and sped out to sea. The instruments were all in the weird language of Japan, but a compass was a compass in any man's language. He set his course and followed it all through the night.

Dawn was just breaking, when through the haze, he spotted the outlines of the Australian mainland . . . and a flight of American planes . . . his planes . . . the men of his own outfit! Then . . . they spotted him, and roared down.

Guns rattled, and spray was kicked onto the deck. They thought he was a lone Jap suicide raider! In a second, Peters had his undershirt off. He rushed forward and pinned it to the flagstaff. The planes got the idea and followed him. As far as they were concerned, the Jap could surrender if he liked!

Shorty landed at the dock under cover of a mess of guns, held by Aussies and Americans. He stepped up . . . and were they disappointed when they saw that he wasn't a Jap! Quickly, he retold the story and was driven to his field. There he assembled the men who were beside themselves with the joy of having him back.

"LISTEN, MEN," he said, "I know where those Japs who have been waylaying our ships are hiding out. I want a group of volunteers to raid their base. They'll probably be expecting us, and it'll be a mean fight. Who wants to go?" Every single man of them took a step forward, and in booming voices shouted, "I DO!"

**THE END**

# BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN

The ADVENTURE of the  
MISSING FORMULA!

THE GESTAPO THOUGHT THE OLD MAN HAD IT, BUT HE ESCAPED FROM GERMANY WITH NOTHING ON HIM... AND THE GESTAPO FOLLOWED! WHERE, THEN, WAS IT? WITH THE FORMULA LAY THE SUCCESS OF THE WAR! READ ON -----

ALAN MANDL '42



AS BLUE BOLT WALKS  
ALONG THE STREETS  
OF SAN FRANCISCO...

SAY!  
THAT LOOKS  
LIKE LOIS!  
HEY!  
LOIS!



JUST THEN -- A CAR  
PULLS UP BESIDE HER,  
MEN JUMP OUT, AND...

HURRY--GRAB  
HER! INTO  
THE CAR!

WHAT!  
LET ME--  
AAAAAAA



OFF COMES BLUE BOLT'S COAT! --HE DASHES FORWARD!...

WHY--  
THOSE  
PUNKS!

...AND THROWS A VICIOUS BODY-BLOCK INTO THE MEN!

LOOK OUT!  
OOF!

AWK!

WHAT IS THIS?

OWW!  
HELP! --LEMME  
OUTA  
HERE!

BLUE BOLT! IT'S  
YOU! GIVE IT  
TO 'EM!

YOU BET  
I WILL!

ONE BY ONE THE MEN GO DOWN UNDER  
THE BONE-CRUSHING SMASHES!

I DON'T  
KNOW  
WHAT IT'S  
ALL ABOUT!  
BUT IT'S  
A GAME  
I LIKE  
TO PLAY!

THEN--THE MEN  
SCRAMBLE UP  
AND DASH  
AWAY!

YOU'VE GOT  
SOME  
EXPLAINING  
TO DO, LOIS!  
COME ON!  
GIVE!

WELL--OKAY! LAST MONTH, A  
SCIENTIST ESCAPED FROM GERMANY  
TO THE U.S. WITH A PROCESS FOR  
A NEW EXPLOSIVE. HE DISAPPEARED  
AND I WAS DETAILED TO FIND HIM.  
SO WAS THE GESTAPO, I SEE! THEY  
MUST HAVE KNOWN I FOUND HIM  
HIDING IN AN OLD HOTEL, AND  
THEY TRIED TO KIDNAP ME!



**BLUE BOLT'S INTEREST IS ARDUSED!**  
THEY HOP INTO A CAB! ...

TO THE  
LARRIMORE  
HOTEL,  
DRIVER!

HUH?  
THAT  
OLD  
DUMP!

HERE WE ARE,  
LOIS! GEE!  
IT'S A  
REGULAR  
FLOP-  
HOUSE!

I KNOW,  
BUT THAT'S  
WHERE HANS  
GREN IS ---  
NEVERTHELESS!

INSIDE --  
THE PAIR GO  
UPSTAIRS...

THAT'S  
FUNNY--  
I DON'T  
SEE HIM  
AROUND!

I'LL ASK  
SOMEBODY  
-- WAIT A  
SECOND!

YOU HAVE AN OLD  
MAN NAMED HANS  
GREN HERE?

YEAH! BUT A  
COUPLE OF  
DETECTIVES  
JUST ARRESTED  
HIM -- TOOK  
HIM DOWN  
THE BACK  
WAY!

WHAT? --DETECTIVES  
NOTHING! THEY WERE  
GESTAPO MEN! COME  
ON, LOIS! AFTER  
THEM!

THEY RACE DOWN THE BACK STAIRS!  
**BLUE BOLT** STOPS AT THE LANDING...

WHAT'S THAT,  
BLUE BOLT?

SIGNS OF A  
STRUGGLE!--AND  
HERE'S A MATCH-FOLDER  
FROM THE **COPPER**  
**CLUB CAFÉ** -- MIGHT  
BE A CLUE! THAT'S  
WHERE WE'RE  
HEADING!



AT ONCE THEY GO AROUND FRONT TO THE CAB. **BLUE BOLT** GIVES DIRECTIONS ...

TO THE COPPER CLUB, MISTER!

OKAY!

WHAT JOINTS THIS GUY GOES TO! WOW!

MINUTES LATER, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN ...

HERE'S THE PLACE! ACT NATURAL WHEN YOU GET INSIDE AND WE'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

COPPER CLUB  
CAFÉ

DINING AND DANCING  
OPEN ALL NIGHT

I'LL KEEP MY FINGERS CROSSED!

GOLLY! THIS IS WORSE THAN THE FLOP-HOUSE!

WE'LL TAKE A BOOTH IN THE REAR. I HAVE A FUNNY FEELING SOMETHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN!

WHAT WILL YOU HAVE, LOIS?

GIVE ME A STEAK SMOTHERED IN PORK CHOPS! I'M HUNGRY!

BUT -- SUDDENLY, A PANEL IN FRONT OF THE BOOTH SLAMS SHUT, TRAPPING THEM!

... WHILE, BEHIND THEM, THE WALL OPENS! ...

GET YOUR HANDS UP -- AND GET IN HERE -- FAST!

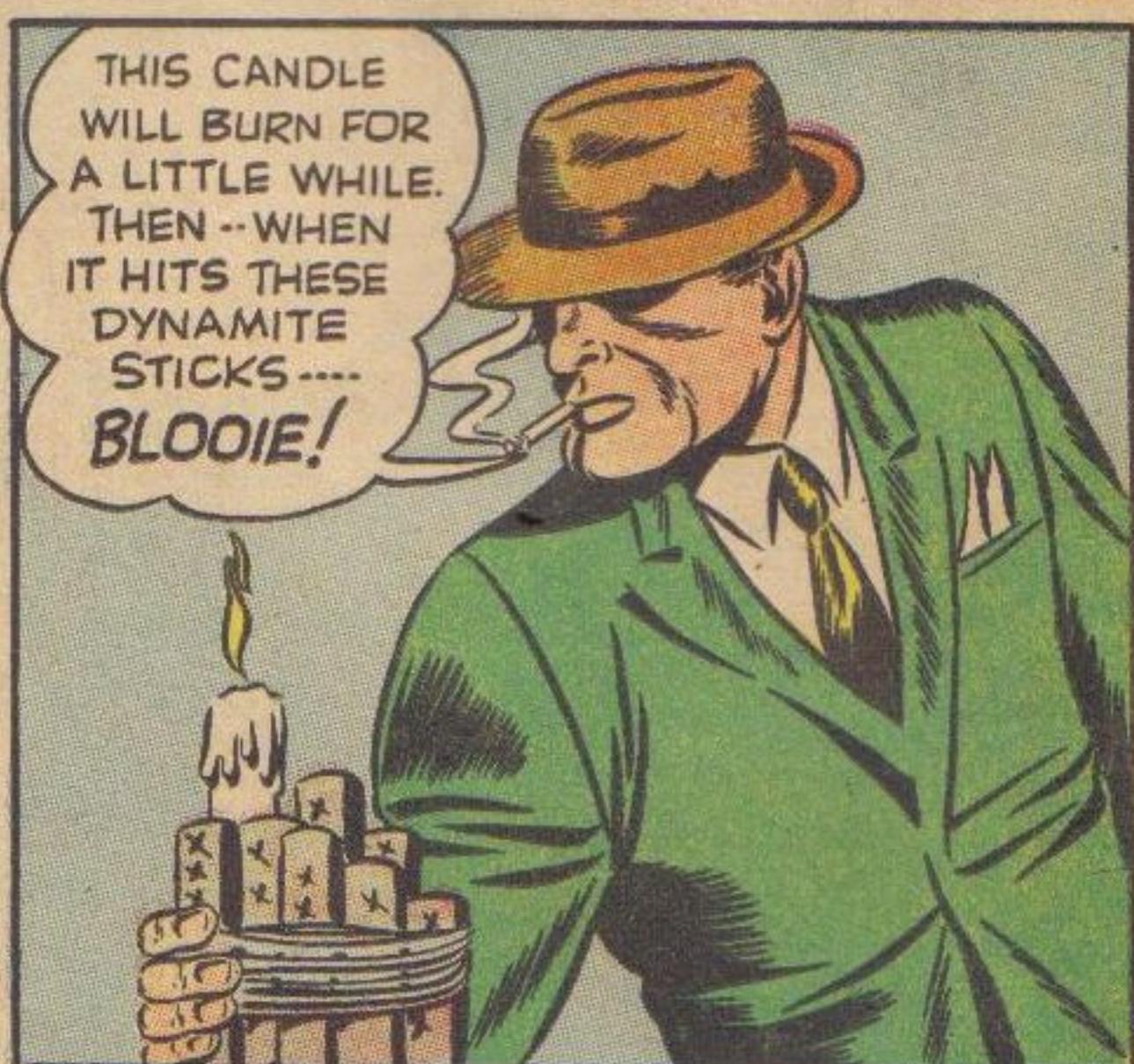
YOU ASKED FOR THIS, CHUM! -- GET A MOVE ON!

WOW! WHAT A MESS THIS IS! BOLTIE! THESE ARE THE MEN WHO TRIED TO KIDNAP ME!

SLAM!

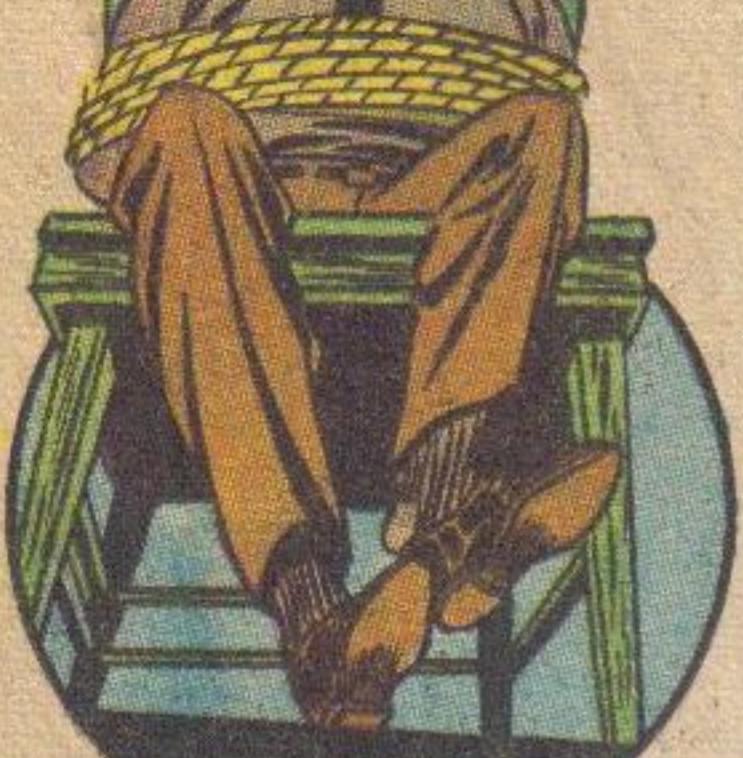
WHAT TH--?





THINKING QUICKLY, **BLUE BOLT**  
FORCES A SHOE OFF HIS HEEL  
AND BALANCES IT ON HIS TOE ...

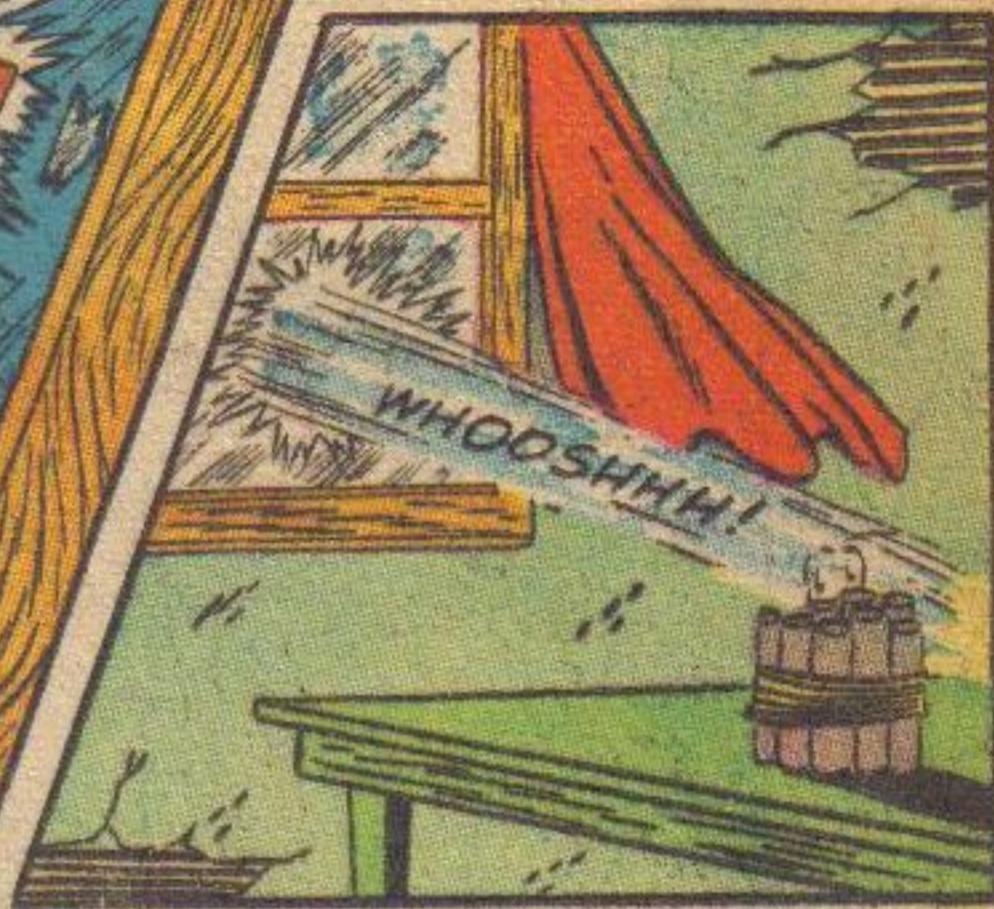
THIS OUGHT  
TO DO  
IT! OOO



... THEN FLIPS IT THROUGH  
THE WINDOW!



AND FROM THE BROKEN  
WINDOW COMES A  
STRONG BREEZE, WHICH  
BLOWS OUT THE CANDLE!



WHAT A  
RELIEF! NOW TO  
GET THIS CHAIR  
UNTANGLED!



**BLUE BOLT** TIPS BACKWARD -- AND THE CHAIR SPLINTERS!

ATTABOY,  
**BLUE BOLT**!  
USE THOSE  
MUSCLES!

OUCH! THEY'RE  
OFF, THOUGH!  
BE RIGHT WITH  
THE REST OF  
YOU!



COME ON!  
HURRY! WE  
HAVE TO DO  
SOMETHING!

TAKE IT  
EASY, KID!  
I'LL HAVE  
YOU LOOSE  
IN A  
SECOND!

WHAT  
NOW?



YOU GET IN A  
CALL FOR THE  
POLICE! I'LL GO  
AFTER THE MEN!  
I DON'T THINK  
THEY'VE LEFT  
YET!

OKAY!  
WE'LL  
HOP  
TO IT!



A MOMENT LATER -- **BLUE BOLT** IS IN FRONT OF THE COPPER CLUB ...

THERE THEY ARE -- AND  
THEY NEVER HEARD  
THE WINDOW BREAK!  
NOW FOR SOME  
ACTION!

THEN ...

MISSED,  
PAL!  
TWO STRIKES  
ARE **OUT**  
IN THIS  
LEAGUE!

WHAT  
TH ---  
DUCK!

OOF!

WHAT'S THE MATTER?  
YOU WERE PLENTY  
TOUGH A LITTLE  
WHILE AGO!

YOU PIGS!  
WAIT UNTIL I  
GET FINISHED  
WITH YOU!

BUT...

THERE! HOW'D  
YOU LIKE  
THAT?

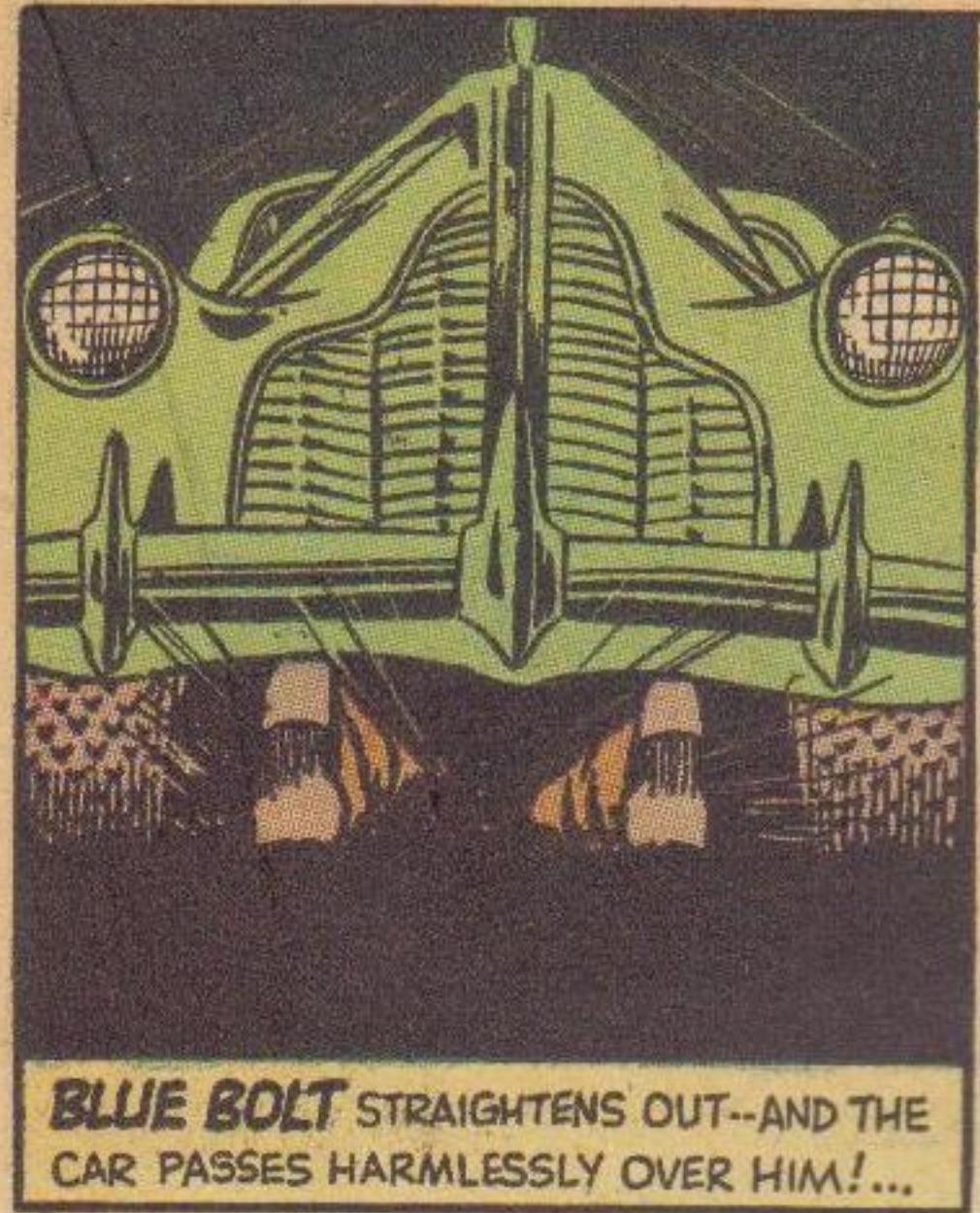
GET OUT OF  
THE WAY -- I'LL  
RUN OVER  
HIM!

RRRR-RRRRR!

THE DRIVER LETS IN THE CLUTCH --  
THE CAR SHOOTS FORWARD!

GET HIM,  
JOE!

HEY!  
WHAT---



HE SCRAMBLES TO HIS FEET!

SO THAT'S THE WAY YOU  
WANT TO PLAY, HUH?

... AND GRABS THE LEADER!

YOUR FACE IS  
GONNA LOOK  
LIKE MUSH,  
FELLER!

**BLUE BOLT** STRAIGHTENS OUT--AND THE  
CAR PASSES HARMLESSLY OVER HIM!...

ONE MAN GOES TO  
FIRE, BUT A SHOT  
RINGS OUT!

...AND THERE'S  
YOUR MUSH!

POLICE!  
AWK! --I-I'M  
SHOT!

BANG!  
BANG!

YEAH! BUT  
THAT'S NOT  
FINDING THE  
MISSING  
FORMULA!

HA! DON'T  
WORRY ABOUT  
THAT ANY  
LONGER!

WHERE  
IS IT,  
THEN?

I HAD THE  
WHOLE THING  
TATTOOED ON  
MY HEAD--THE  
HAIR COVERS IT  
COMPLETELY--  
PRETTY  
GOOD,  
EH?

I'LL SAY SO!--  
FOOLED THE  
GESTAPO  
AND ME,  
TOO!

WELL, WE CLEANED  
OUT THAT GANG,  
ALL RIGHT!

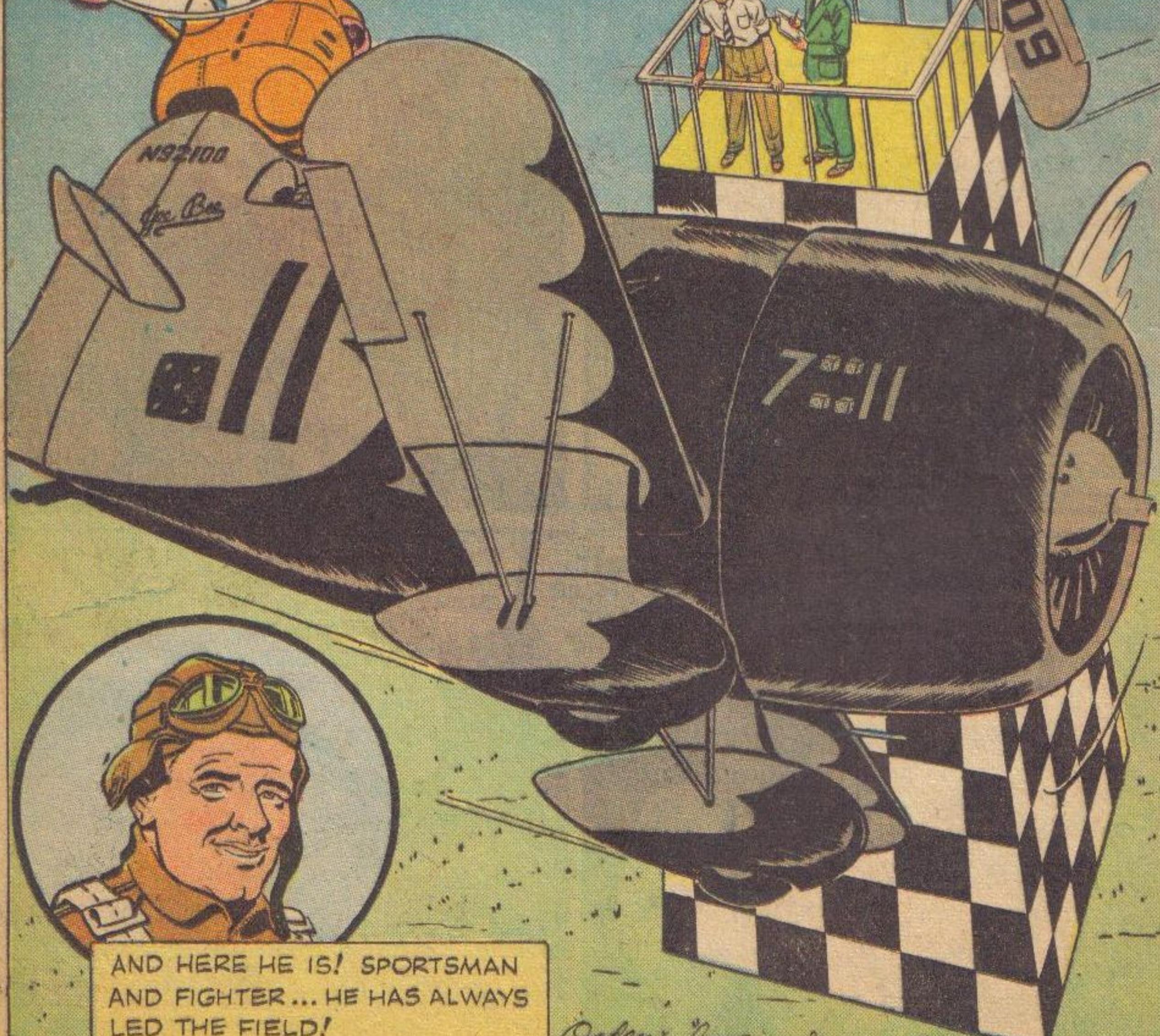
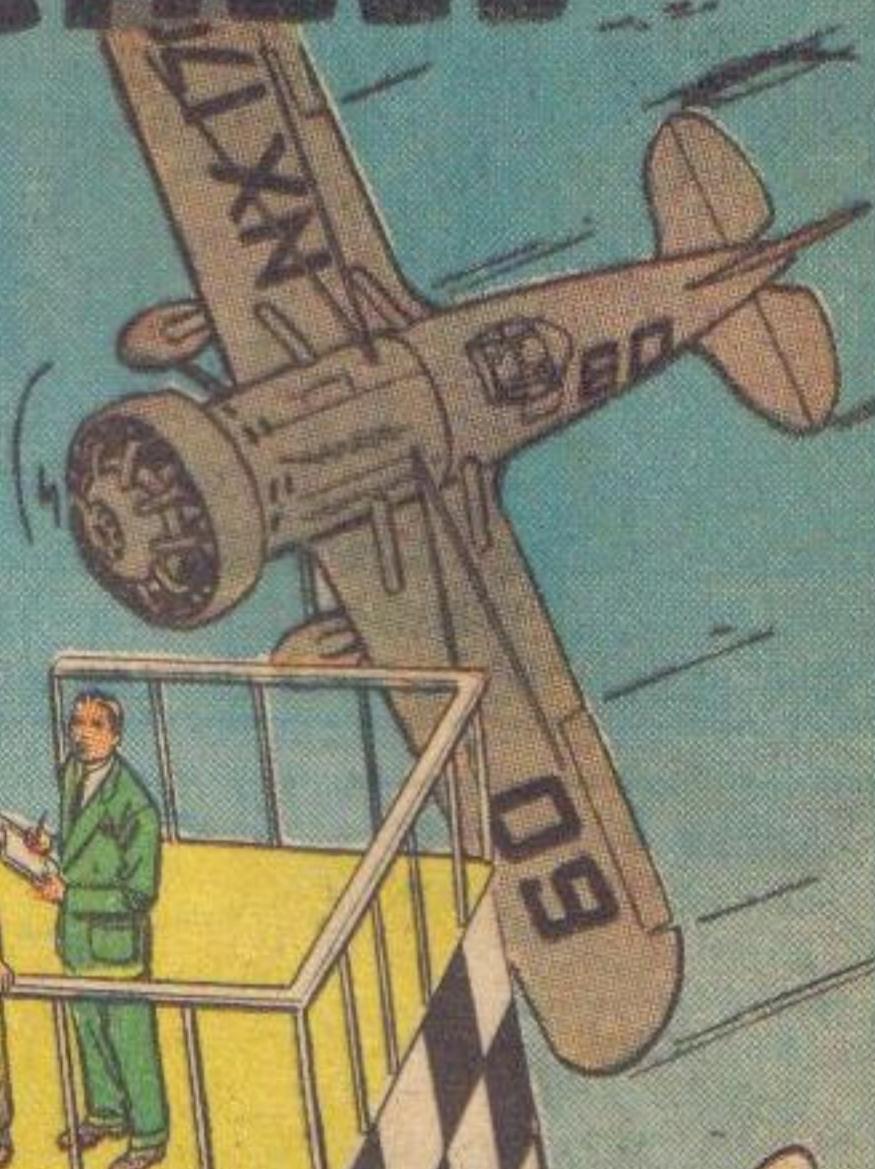


**BLUE BOLT** RETURNS NEXT MONTH  
WITH A SPINE-TINGLING ADVENTURE IN  
THE BULLET-PACKED SKIES!

# OLD CAP HAWKINS' TRUE TALES



JOEY, ONE OF THE  
GREATEST MEN IN AVIATION  
HISTORY HAS AGAIN BECOME  
WORLD-FAMOUS. HIS NAME IS  
**BRIGADIER-GENERAL  
JIMMY DOOLITTLE!**



AND HERE HE IS! SPORTSMAN  
AND FIGHTER... HE HAS ALWAYS  
LED THE FIELD!

Ogden Whitney + SPILLANE

WORLD WAR I FOUND JIMMY DOOLITTLE  
ENLISTED IN THE ARMY SIGNAL CORPS,  
AVIATION SECTION ...

WHAT'S THIS I HEAR,  
JIMMY? WE'RE NOT  
GOING "OVER THERE!"

THIS IS THE  
SECOND TIME, TOO!  
AND THE WAR'S  
ABOUT OVER!

MUCH TO HIS DISGUST, JIMMY NEVER WENT  
OVER. AFTER THE WAR HE TURNED TO  
SPEED FLYING!

THIS IS THE LIFE!  
LOOK AT THAT  
SPEEDOMETER...  
ALMOST  
200 M.P.H.!

IN THE EARLY 1920'S, AVIATORS WERE  
TALKING ABOUT COAST-TO-COAST FLIGHTS  
THAT WOULD TAKE LESS THAN TWENTY-  
FOUR HOURS, SO JIMMY DECIDED TO  
TAKE A CRACK AT IT!

ALL SET  
NOW?

YEP!  
SO LONG,  
FELLOWS!

BUT, AS THE PLANE NEARED  
THE END OF THE FIELD ....

HE CRASHED!  
GET OUT  
THE TRUCKS!

IT MUST'VE  
BEEN TOO  
HEAVY TO  
TAKE OFF!  
COME ON!

HEY! YOU  
ALL RIGHT?

YEAH! YOU  
CAN'T KILL  
ME THAT  
EASY!

GOLLY!  
— WHAT  
AN  
ESCAPE!

UNDAUNTED, JIMMY TRIED IT AGAIN  
IN 1922 ... AND MADE IT!

THAT'S CUTTING  
IT CLOSE! TWENTY-  
ONE HOURS, "AND"!

YOU REALLY  
DID SOME  
TALL  
FLYING!

THANKS! MAYBE  
I'LL TRY IT AGAIN  
SOMETIME!

1924... THE SCHNEIDER CUP RACE! AND JIMMY LEADS THE PACK TO WIN!

FLYING THAT NAVY SEAPLANE MAKES DOOLITTLE THE ONLY ADMIRAL IN THE ARMY!

MAN! THAT BOY IS GOOD! LOOK AT HIM GO!

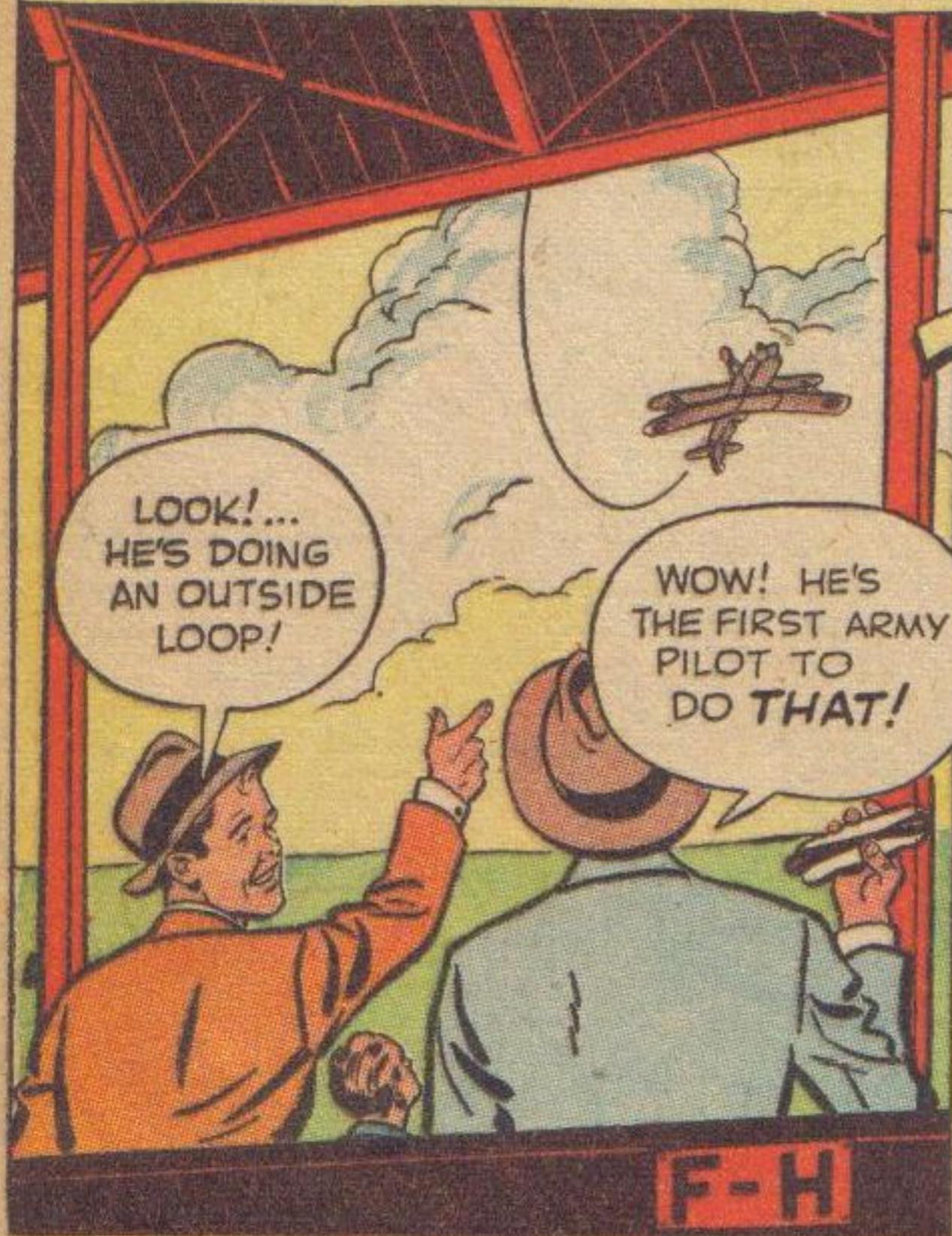


TWO YEARS LATER, JIMMY FLEW ACROSS THE ANDES MOUNTAINS WITH BOTH LEGS IN A CAST -- THE RESULT OF A CRASH!

WHAT WILD COUNTRY!  
I'D HATE TO BE FORCED DOWN HERE!



THE FOLLOWING YEAR, JIMMY THRILLS THE CROWD... AT AN EXHIBITION OF ARMY FLYING...



THEN, THE BENDIX TROPHY RACE! A NON-STOP FLIGHT FROM COAST-TO-COAST!  
IMMEDIATELY JIMMY ENTERS....

HERE'S WHERE I HAVE TO DO SOME TALL TRAVELING TO BEAT OUT THESE PLANES!



...AND THE WINNER IS ---

JIMMY DOOLITTLE!  
HE'S DONE IT AGAIN!

WHAT A GUY DOOLITTLE!  
HE SURE CAN FLY!



IN 1930...

WELL, FELLOWS,  
I'M RETIRING FROM  
THE ARMY TO ENTER  
COMMERCIAL FLYING!  
SO LONG TO YOU ALL!

SO LONG,  
JIMMY! BET  
YOU'RE BACK  
BEFORE LONG,  
THOUGH!



BUT CAME THE DAY OF DECEMBER 7, 1941...

"JAPAN HAS JUST  
ATTACKED PEARL  
HARBOR! ---  
STAND BY.....

THOSE BLASTED  
JAPS! WHERE'S  
MY ENLISTMENT  
STATION?



AND SO  
JIMMY DOOLITTLE  
WENT TO WAR  
ONCE AGAIN!

NOTHING WAS  
HEARD OF HIM,  
NOR WAS HIS  
WHEREABOUTS  
GENERALLY  
KNOWN,  
UNTIL,  
ONE DAY...

... A FLIGHT OF AMERICAN BOMBERS APPEARED OVER TOKYO!

WHAT? --  
AMERICANS?

LOOK AT THOSE  
FACES! ARE  
THEY  
SURPRISED!

THEN ... OVER THE JAP FACTORIES ---

THERE'S THE  
TARGET! GIVE  
IT TO 'EM!

IT'S A  
PLEASURE!

COME ON, JAPPIES!  
... FOR PETE'S SAKE!  
THEIR ANTI-AIRCRAFT  
IS HITTING THEIR  
OWN BALLOONS!

LOOK AT THAT!  
... THEIR PURSUIT  
SHIPS CAN'T  
CATCH US!

SHORT HOURS LATER, THE FLIGHT, STILL  
INTACT, LANDS AT THEIR BASE ....

HERE THEY  
COME ... EVERY  
ONE OF THEM!

THAT WAS A  
QUICK JOB!

THEN COMES A CALL FROM THE WHITE HOUSE!  
JIMMY DOOLITTLE RETURNS HOME TO BE  
REWARDED BY THE PRESIDENT!

YOU DID A GREAT  
THING, GENERAL!  
THE AMERICAN  
PEOPLE ARE  
PROUD OF  
YOU!

THANK  
YOU,  
SIR!

SO LONG FOR A LITTLE  
WHILE, FOLKS! THERE'S  
STILL A BIG JOB AHEAD!  
-- ONE THAT WE'RE  
GOING TO DO UP  
RIGHT!

# Sergeant Spook



CAN A SPEEDBOAT WIN A WAR?  
THAT QUESTION WAS UPPERMOST IN  
THE MIND OF SERGEANT SPOOK'S PSYCHIC  
FRIEND, JERRY! HE FOUND THE  
MYSTERIOUS ANSWER TO THAT  
CHALLENGING QUESTION MIXED UP IN A  
TANGLE OF INTRIGUE AND -- MURDER!

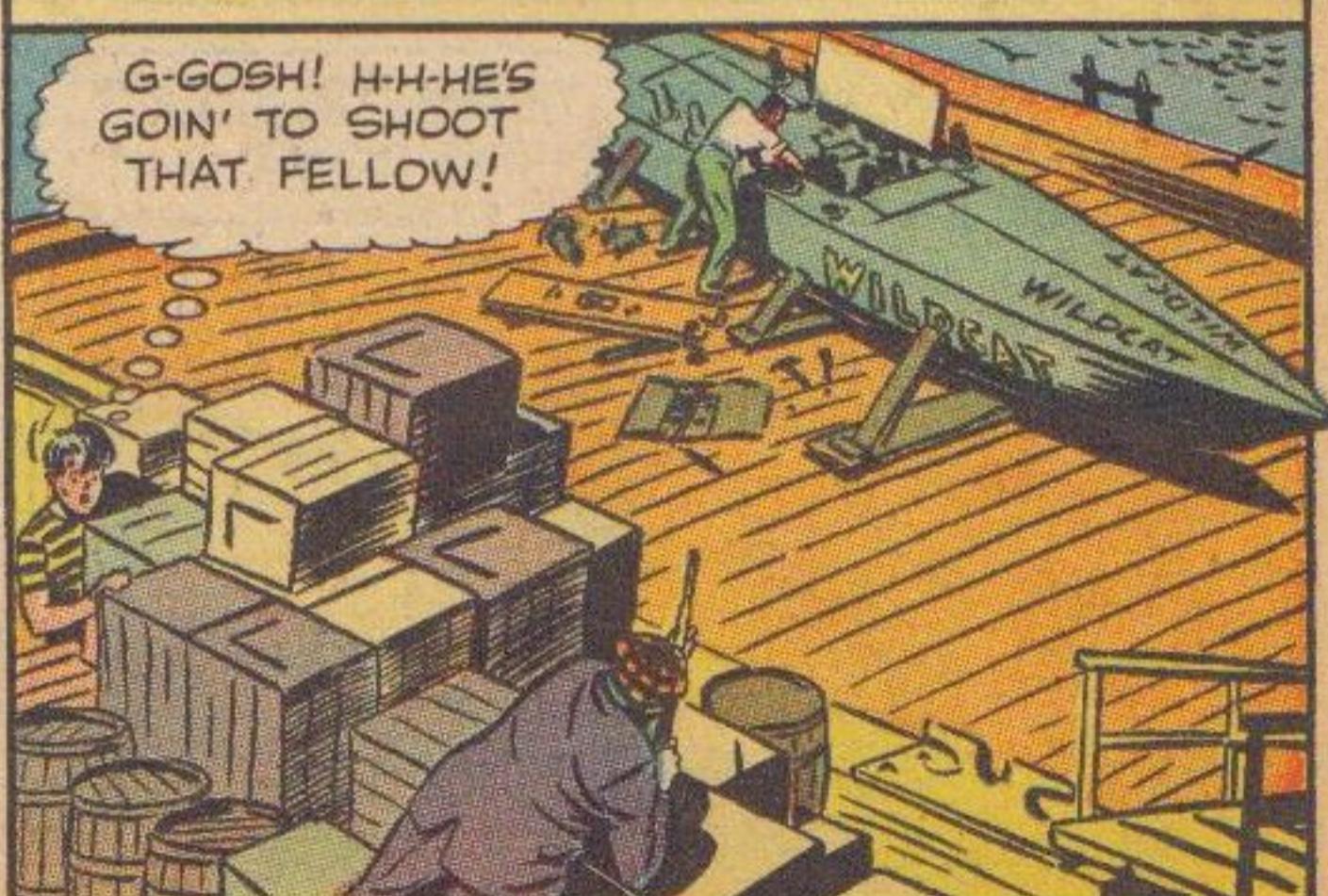
KAPITAN  
JORDAN

AS JERRY WALKS ALONG THE  
WATERFRONT...

LOOK AT THAT BOAT GO!  
WHEE! REMINDS ME OF THE  
100-MILE SPEEDBOAT RACE  
THAT TAKES PLACE  
TOMORROW!

HE PASSES A PILE OF CRATES TO SEE . . .

G-GOSH! H-H-HE'S  
GOIN' TO SHOOT  
THAT FELLOW!



**STOP!**

**CRAK**

H-HEY!  
W-WHA--

**A**T THE SOUND OF THE SHOT, TOM GOOD,  
WHO IS WORKING ON HIS SPEED-BOAT,  
WHIRLS AROUND! ...

I'LL SQUEEZE THE  
LIFE OUTTA YUH,  
YUH LITTLE PUNK!

UGH-H!  
**HELP!**

A SHOT!  
AND--  
THAT KID!

RACING UP THE RUN-WAY, TOM SEIZES THE  
GUNMAN -- AND...

TRY SQUEEZING  
YOUR OWN NECK!  
--WISE GUY!

WOW!  
WHAT A  
WALLOP!

ARE YOU  
ALL RIGHT?

YEAH, THANKS  
--BOY! LOOK AT  
THAT GUY RUN!

GOSH! YOU SAVED  
MY LIFE, KID! ... HOW  
WOULD YOU LIKE TO-  
SORT OF HELP ME TILL  
THE BIG RACE IS  
OVER, HUH?

GEE!  
THAT WOULD BE  
SWELL! BUT I  
WONDER WHY  
THAT GUY TRIED  
TO GET YOU?

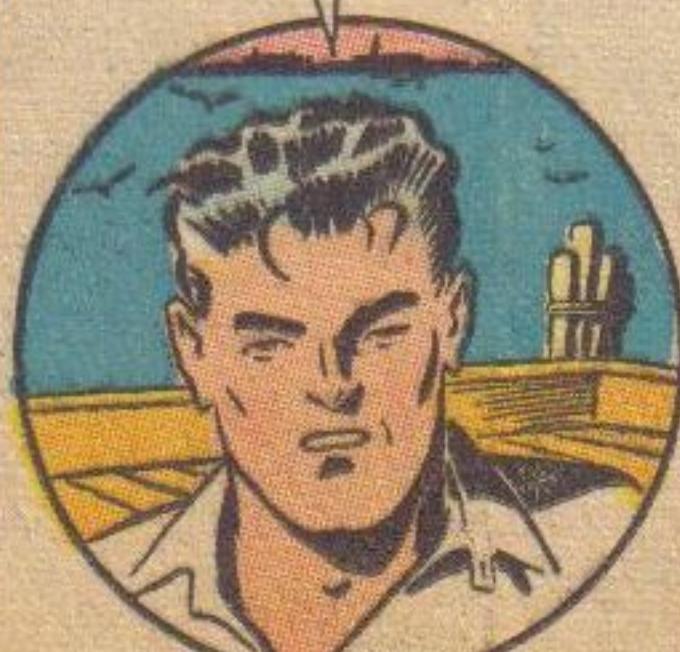
DON'T KNOW --- UNLESS  
HERB WILLIAMS --- HE'S  
GOT A BOAT ENTERED  
IN THE RACE ... NO!  
HE WOULDN'T DO THAT!  
--- HE'S SQUARE!

LATER ... JERRY MEETS SERGEANT  
SPOOK AND TELLS HIM WHAT HAS  
HAPPENED ...

-- HE MENTIONED  
HERB WILLIAMS, BUT  
CLAIMS HE'S A  
STRAIGHT GUY --  
IT'S GOT ME  
DIZZY!

YOU HAD A  
CLOSE CALL,  
JERRY! BE  
CAREFUL!

HMM-M'  
HERB  
WILLIAMS,  
EH?



LATER...

WE MUST WIN, BEN!  
WE NEED THAT  
FIVE THOUSAND  
DOLLAR PRIZE!

SO THAT'S  
HERB WILLIAMS'  
BOAT!

YEAH ... OR WE'RE  
IN THE HOLE FOR  
THAT SAME AMOUNT  
OF MONEY!

I CAN MAKE SURE  
YOU WIN THAT RACE,  
FELLA!

JUST  
THEN...

HUH?

THE GUNMAN  
JERRY SPOKE  
ABOUT!

YEAH! FER  
ONE GRAND ...  
I CAN THROW  
THE RACE YOUR  
WAY!

I WANT TO WIN,  
BUT NOT YOUR  
WAY! ... BUM!

BEAT IT!  
BEFORE I  
LOOSEN YOUR NUT  
WITH THIS WRENCH!

WILLIAMS IS  
O.K.! THE TROUBLE  
LIES WITH THAT  
THUG ... BETTER  
TRAIL HIM!

I AIN'T  
HAD ME LAST  
SAY, YET!

HMM-M! BACK TO  
WHERE TOM AND JERRY  
ARE WORKING ... I  
DON'T GET IT!

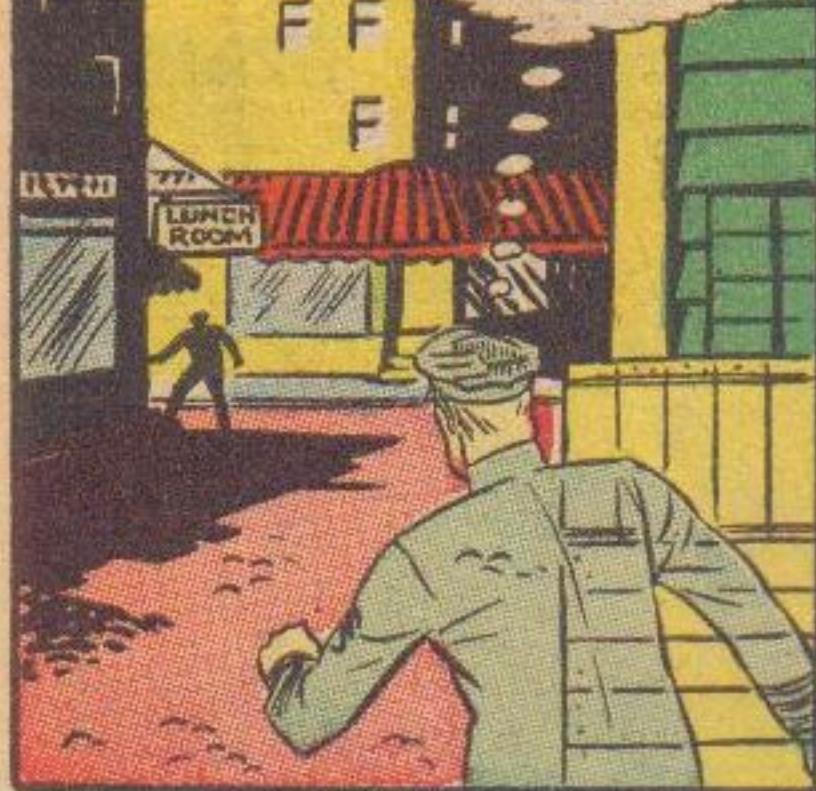
WHAT'S THAT  
STUFF YOU PUT  
INTO THE GAS  
TANK, TOM?

SECRET?  
WAS HE  
KIDDING?

CAN'T TELL  
YOU YET, JERRY!  
IT'S A MILITARY  
SECRET!  
HA-HA!

SERGEANT SPOOK TRAILS  
THE GUNMAN FROM THE  
SCENE...

NOW HE'S  
HEADING FOR  
THAT LUNCH  
ROOM!



INSIDE...

LOOKS LIKE  
A ROOM IN THE  
REAR ... I'LL  
FOLLOW!



HYA! ...LOUIE,  
HERE, TELLS ME  
YOU BEEN TRYIN' TO  
PICK UP SOME  
EXTRA MONEY  
ON THE SIDE--  
A GRAND, I  
BELIEVE!

YEAH,  
TH' HEEL!  
I HEARD HIM  
TALKIN' TO  
HERB WILLIAMS!



WHY, YOU  
STOOL PIGEON!..  
-- AGHR-R!

NOT SO FAST,  
SLIPPERY!

NICE, LOUIE!  
I DON'T LIKE ANY  
ONE IN OUR MOB  
MAKIN' ANY OUTSIDE  
PROFIT ON OUR  
WORK!



SUDDENLY AN UNSEEN FIST CRASHES  
INTO BATS' JAW! ...

CHARGE THIS  
OFF TO LOSSES,  
BATS!



BOSS! WHAT  
HIT YOU? BOSS!  
WHAT KICKED  
ME!

YOUR  
CONSCIENCE,  
DOPE!



HE'S DYING!  
BETTER GET  
HIM OUT OF  
HERE!

LOOK!  
DA GUY'S  
RISIN'!

ULP!  
YIPES!



I'M SEEIN' THINGS!  
A BODY...IN MID-AIR  
--AM I  
CRAZY?

WHAT'S  
HOLDING HIM  
UP? I THOUGHT  
YOU KILLED  
HIM!



OUTSIDE

--DON'T KNOW  
WHO YOU ARE...  
CAN'T SEE! ... WARN  
TOM ... UNDER  
MOTOR... IGNITION...  
--OHHH-H!

HE'S  
DONE  
FOR!

HE SAID, "WARN  
TOM! ... UNDER MOTOR,  
IGNITION! ... THAT'S HARD  
TO DECIPHER ... UNLESS  
IT MEANS THAT BATS IS  
GOING TO MONKEY  
AROUND WITH THAT BOAT  
--HMM! THE RACE  
GOES OFF  
TOMORROW!"

THE DAY OF THE RACE!

HMM! JERRY IS  
GOING TO RIDE AS  
TOM'S MECHANIC!

ALL  
SET,  
TOM!

BATS WILSON  
AND HIS MOB!  
HEY! -- I ALMOST  
FORGOT! "UNDER  
MOTOR... IGNITION!"

HAVE YOU  
TIGHTENED ALL  
THE SPARK PLUGS,  
JERRY?

SPARK PLUGS  
--THAT'S IT! THE  
SPARK PLUGS!

THE HATCH IS  
OPENING! HEY!  
THAT YOU,  
SPOOK?

RIGHT.  
JERRY! COME  
OVER HERE,  
QUICK!

SEE THAT WIRE  
COMING FROM THAT  
PLUG ----- IT'S  
CONNECTED TO  
A PACKAGE  
UNDER THE  
MOTOR!

I DIDN'T  
NOTICE IT  
BEFORE  
WHAT IS IT?

A BOMB!

WIRED SO  
THAT WHEN  
THE SWITCH IS  
OPENED-BOOM!  
WOW!



JERRY HOLDS THE PACKAGE OF DEATH AND ...

LOOK WHAT WAS UNDER THE MOTOR!

A BOMB? HOW DID THAT GET THERE?



SOMEONE WANTS TO STOP ME! I DIDN'T THINK THE SECRET WAS OUT, BUT THIS CONVINCES ME-- WE MUST BE CAREFUL!

SECRET? --WHAT SECRET?



THE CONTENTS OF THIS BOTTLE WILL HELP WIN THE WAR! C'MON! HOP IN! THE RACE IS ABOUT TO START!

HE DOESN'T TALK MUCH!

THAT SECRET HAS ME GUESSING, TOO! GOOD LUCK, FELLOWS!



IT DIDN'T GO OFF! SOMETHING'S WRONG!

YEAH! LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!

THEY LOOK WORRIED!



THEN... THIS WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR!



I'M SCRAMMING -YEOW! WHO GOT ME?

HOLD ON, LOUIE THE LOUSE!



A GOOD CLEAN DUNKING SHOULD WASH UP YOUR LITTLE GAME!

YEOW! GLUB!

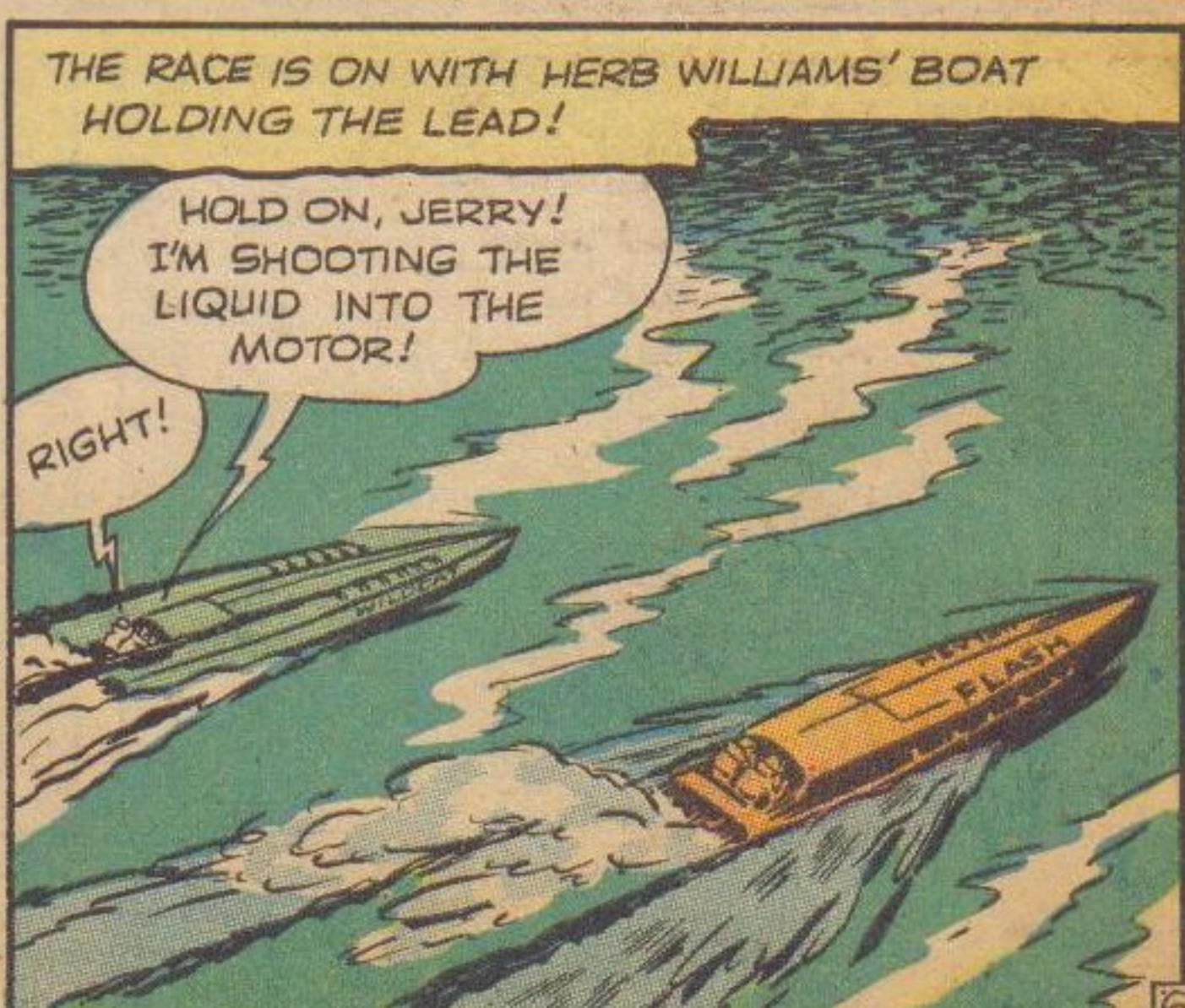
SPLASH!

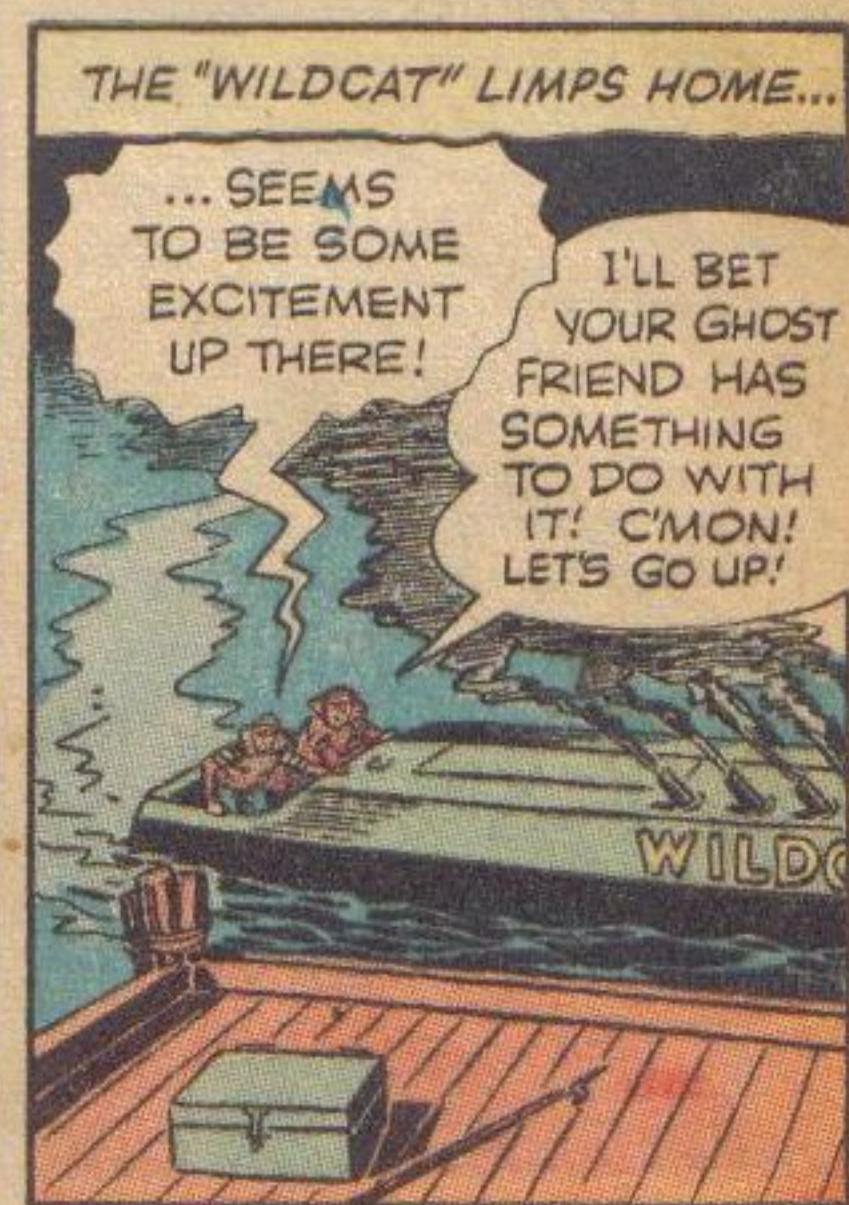
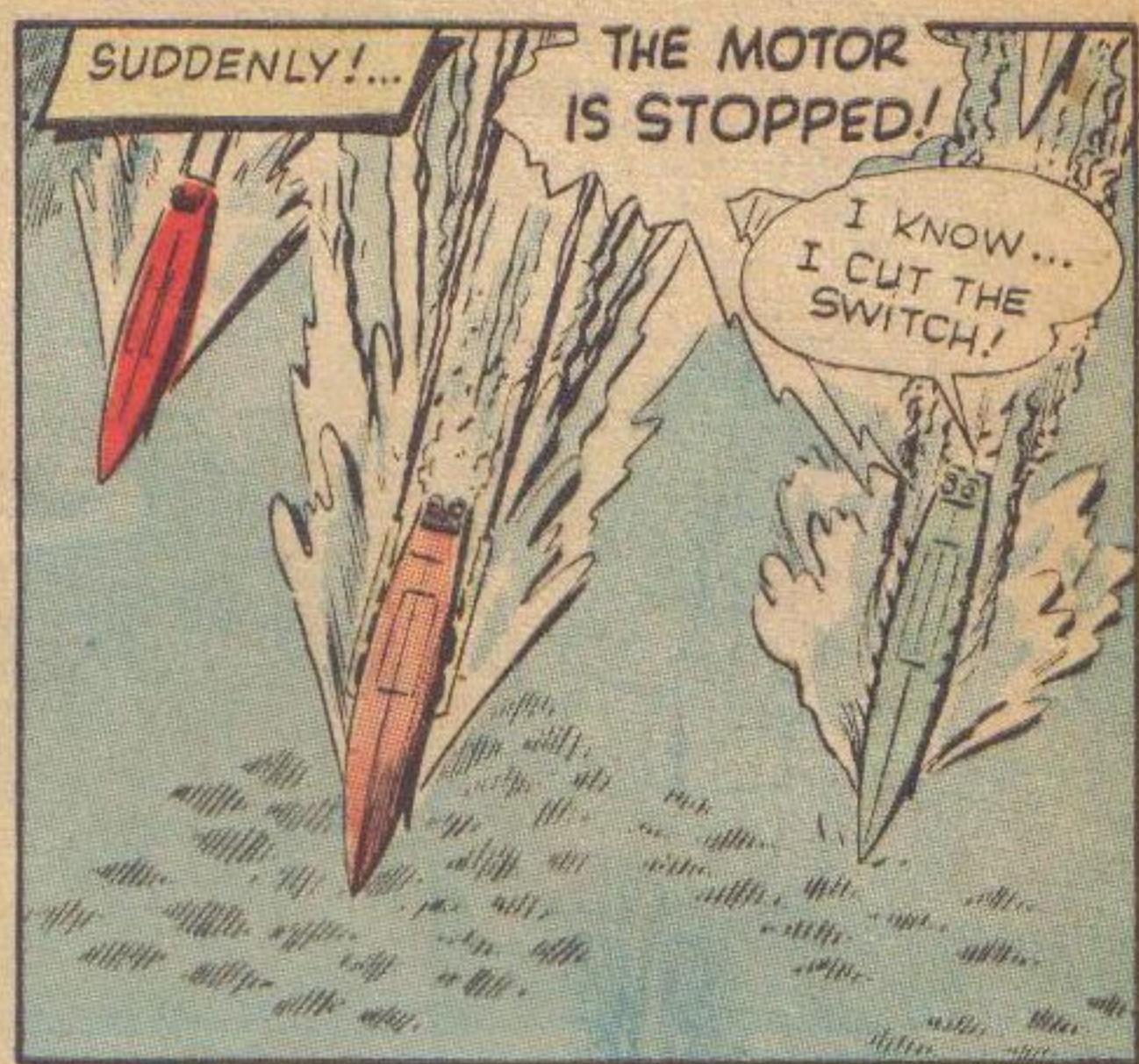


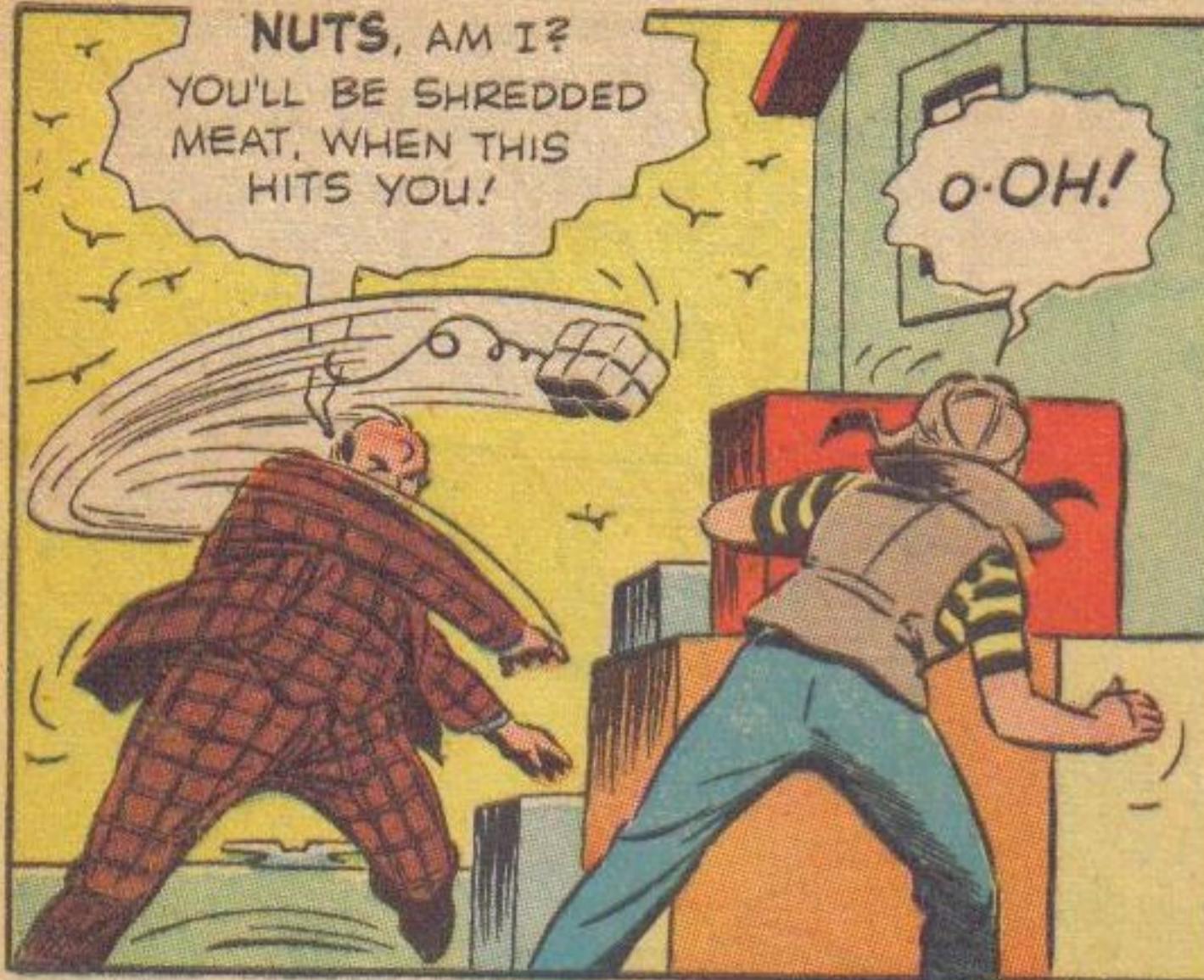
THE RACE IS ON WITH HERB WILLIAMS' BOAT HOLDING THE LEAD!

HOLD ON, JERRY! I'M SHOOTING THE LIQUID INTO THE MOTOR!

RIGHT!



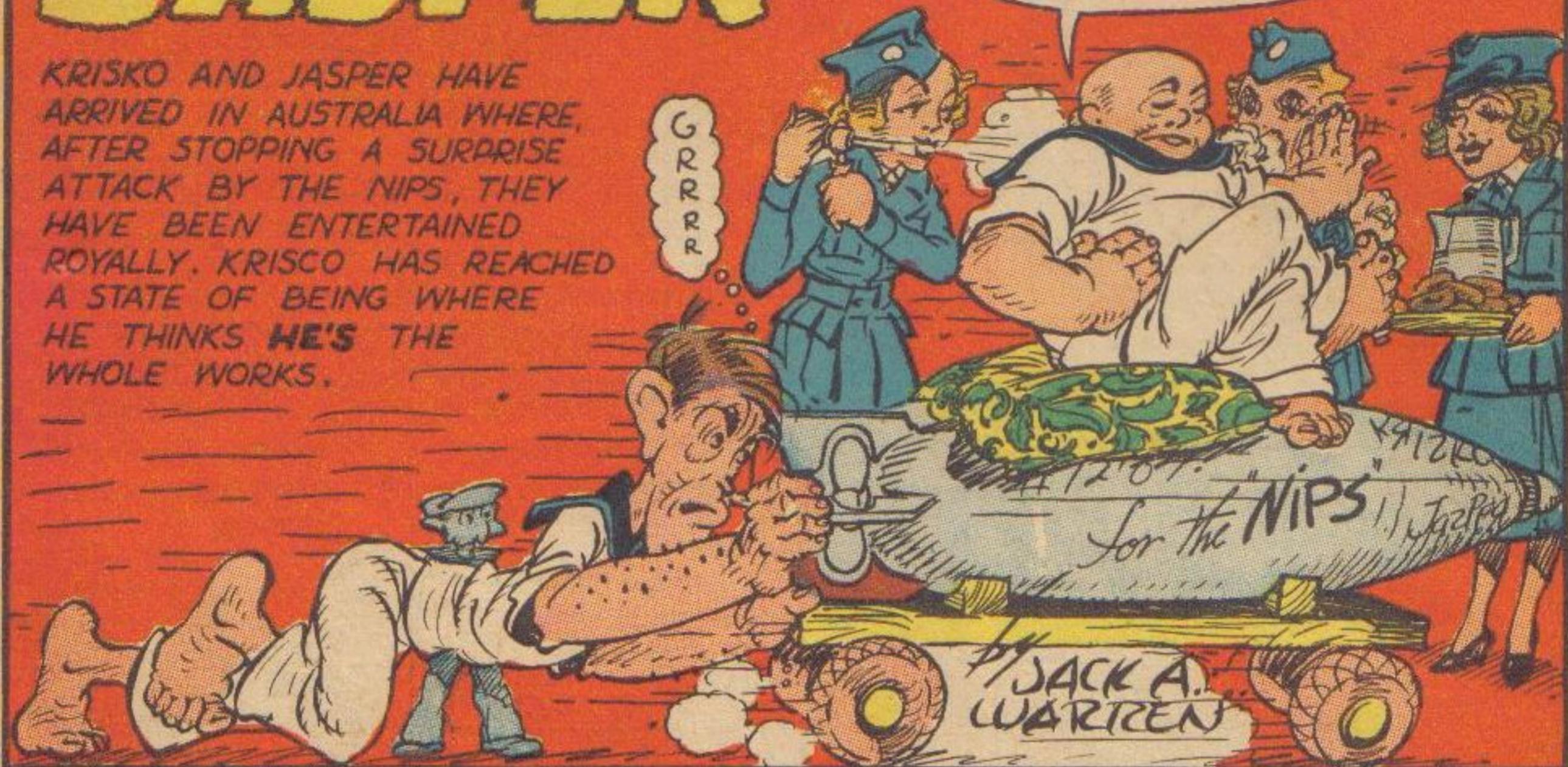




# KRISKO and JASPER

KRISKO AND JASPER HAVE ARRIVED IN AUSTRALIA WHERE, AFTER STOPPING A SURPRISE ATTACK BY THE NIPS, THEY HAVE BEEN ENTERTAINED ROYALLY. KRISCO HAS REACHED A STATE OF BEING WHERE HE THINKS HE'S THE WHOLE WORKS.

DON'T BOTHER ME NOW LADIES! I MUST LOAD THESE MISSLES OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION ONTO MY SEA GOIN' BATTLE WAGON "THE BLUE BOLT" AND BE ON MY WAY TO PROTECT YOU AND YOUR FAIR LAND. COME ON, JASPER! PUSH!



YOU LOAD THESE TIN FISH ON BOARD TH' **BLUE BOLT**--- I HAVE AN IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT!

THAT'S BILGE! LOWER TH' BOOM ON HIM - 'PEARS LIKE HE'S GONE DUSTY OR SHACKED UP !!



MIDNIGHT AND HE AIN'T BACK YET - TH' ADMIRAL TOLD US TO GIT UNDER WAY PRONTO!

LE'S GO FIND TH' BILGE RAT!



JASPER AND LEWT (THE WEE MAN THEY CAN'T SEE AT ALL) START OUT TO FIND KRISKO, THE LITTLE OL' GAD-ABOUT.

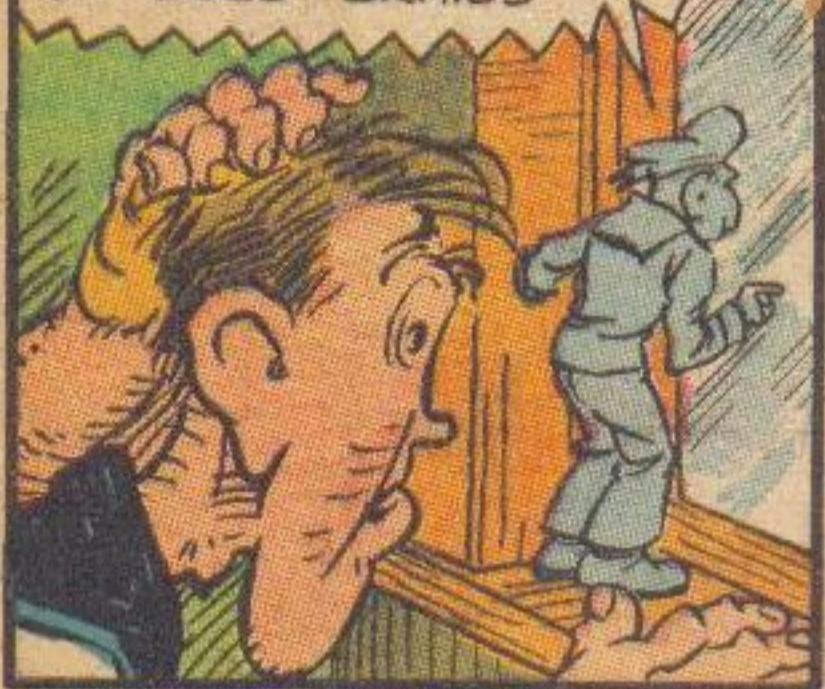


HM-M SEEMS I HEAR VOICES, SOUNDS LIKE --

HEY TAKE A GANDER AT TH' HUM-M BOOTLICKER! BR-R-A BZ-Z-Z- UM-



THERE HE IS - HANDIN' OUT  
TH' BILGE TO A BUNCH  
OF GOLD BRAIDS



HE'S GONNA RUN DOWN SOON  
AND COME OUTA THERE -  
THEN ---!! ---



KRISCO  
PREPARES  
TO TAKE  
HIS LEAVE

HE'S  
COMIN'

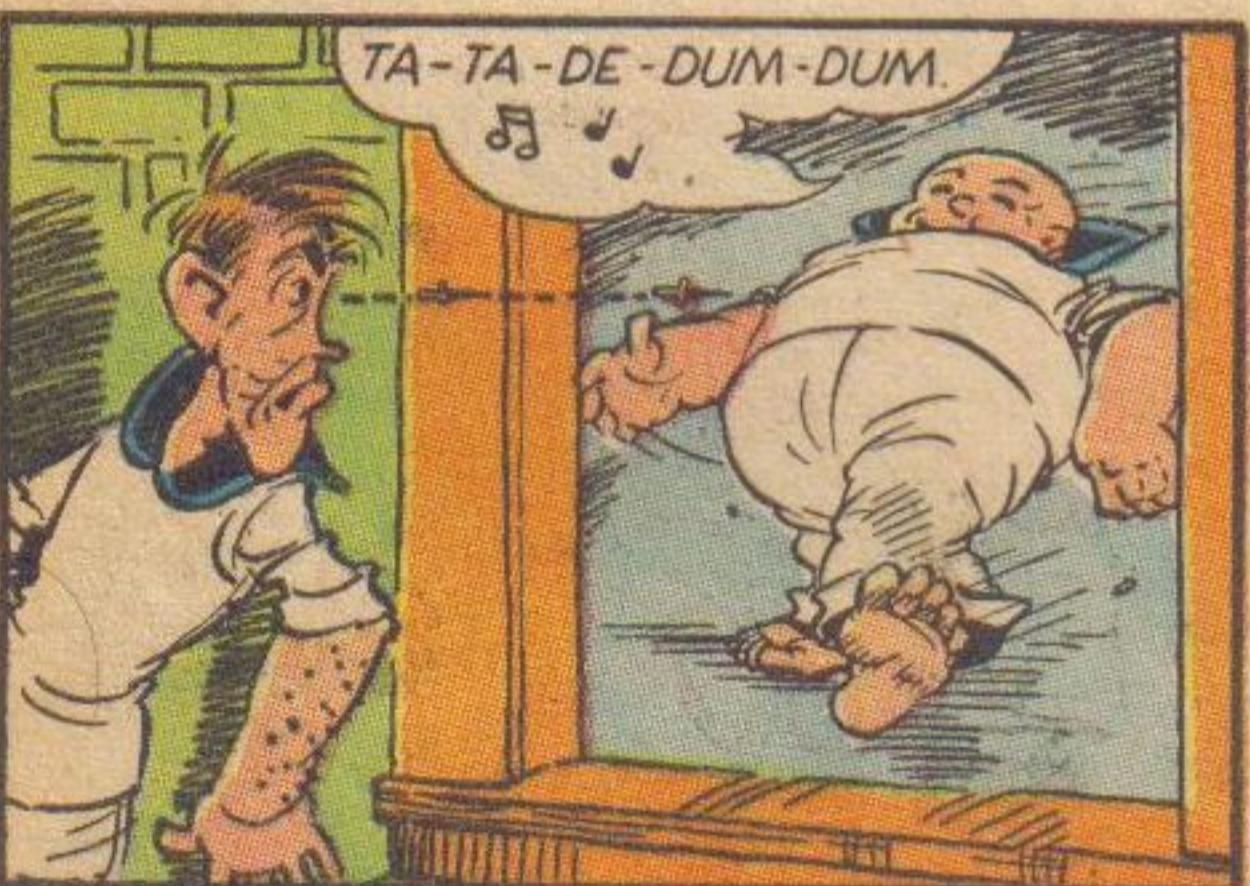
---

YOU'VE MADE YOURSELF OUT AS  
ONE OF OUR GREAT HEROES - NOW  
GET UNDER WAY WITH YOURL  
"BLUE BOLT" AND DO SOME  
MORE DAMAGE TO THE ENEMY.

I-I-SIR!



TA-TA-DE-DUM-DUM.  
♪ ♪



ALL I WAS  
A-DOIN' WAS  
TELLIN' TH'  
ADMIRAL! ---

AW SHUT  
UP!



ALWAYS TH' BIG SHOT AIN'T  
YOU? "MY MAN JASPER"  
HUMPH!!

BLUE  
BOLT



YOU TALK TOO MUCH---  
GIT-A-HOLD OF THAT  
GUIDIN' WHEEL. WE'RE  
GOIN' OUT AND GIT US  
SOME JAPS!

INSIDE THE TWO-  
MAN SUBMARINE

HOW DO YOU GIT  
THAT WAY-TELLIN'  
TH' ADMIRAL YOU  
IS RAM-RODDIN'  
THIS PIG BOAT?

PHUT  
PHUT

GULP-- HEY! WE'VE RUNNED RIGHT  
SMACK DAB INTO A JAP CONVOY!!  
GIT THE TORPEDOES READY FOR  
FIRING!

I'M BRINGIN' US 'ROUND ON 'ER  
BROAD SIDE. ARE YOU READY TO  
FIRE, MR. JASPER?

O MY GOSH! I FORGET  
TO LOAD TH' TORPEDOES  
ON BOARD. THEY'RE BACK  
AT THE DOCK! O ME!

SCRATCH  
I'VE GOTTA THINK, AND DO SOME-  
THING QUICK-OR THAT LITTLE  
FAT HUNK WILL RAWHIDE ME  
THE REST OF MY LIFE...

EMPTY  
TORPEDO  
RACKS

YOU MAY START  
FIRING NOW,  
MR. JASPER.

WELL - I CAN TRY--

GOSH, I'M A DESPERICK  
MAN-- AND I'LL BET  
I GET A MAD ON  
'FORE I GET BACK  
TO TH' "BLUE BOLT."

HEY YOU, BEAT IT!  
I'VE GOTTA LOT OF  
WORK TO DO!  
BEAT IT !  
SAY !

TREADING WATER

A JAPANESE DESTROYER CONVOYING TROOPS BOUND FOR AUSTRALIA.

THIS IS TH' FOURTH ONE --- I WONDER IF THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY.

YOU VARMITS IS GITTIN' IN MY HAIR!

WHATTA YOU DOIN'  
OUT SWIMMIN WHEN  
WE'VE WORK TO DO?

GOSH, HE DOESN'T KNOW I'VE SUNK FOUR NIP BOATS!

HEY KRISCO, OPEN UP TH' HATCH !  
I WANNA COME IN -- IT'S COLD AND WET OUT HERE.

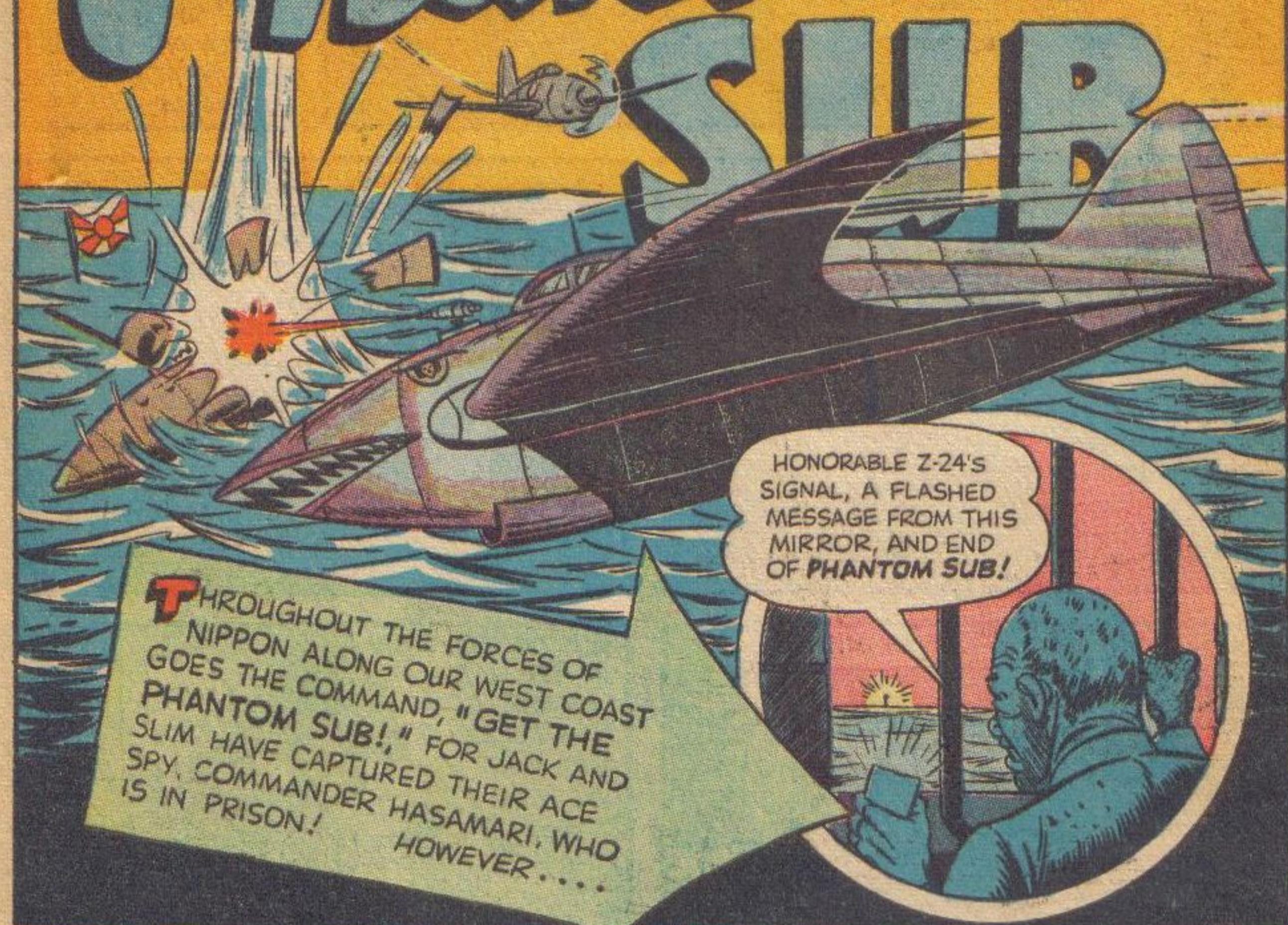
KNOCK KNOCK

I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT, BUT I LIKE IT !

I PIN THIS MEDAL ON YOU FOR BRAVERY IN SINKING FOUR ENEMY SHIPS.

WHO SAID "NO ONE LOVES A FAT MAN"? THE TWO-MAN SUBMARINE "**BLUE BOLT**" SAILS ON IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE...

# Phantom Sub



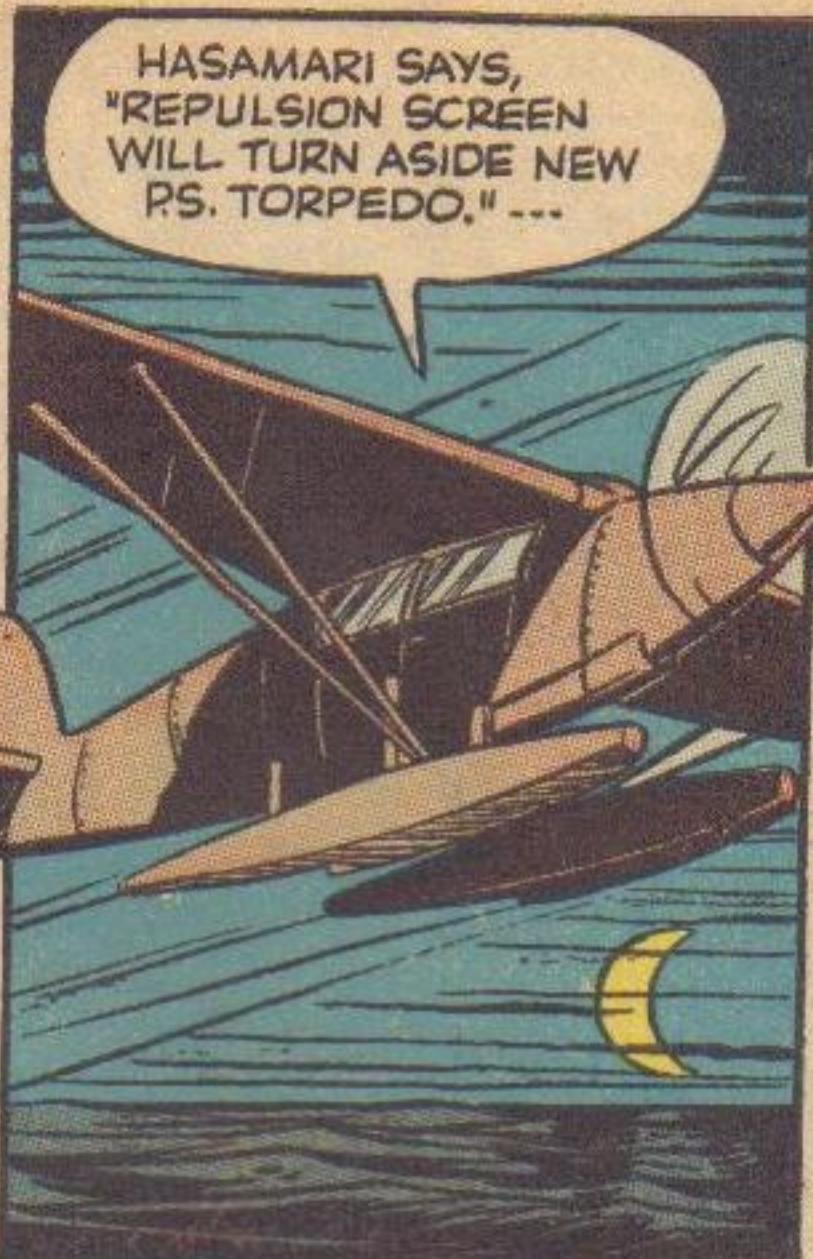
THROUGHOUT THE FORCES OF NIPPON ALONG OUR WEST COAST GOES THE COMMAND, "GET THE PHANTOM SUB!" FOR JACK AND SLIM HAVE CAPTURED THEIR ACE SPY, COMMANDER HASAMARI, WHO IS IN PRISON! HOWEVER . . .



"CALLING PLANE 42...  
FLY TO BASE WITH THIS  
MESSAGE FROM HASAMARI  
--REPULSION SCREEN  
WILL TURN ASIDE NEW  
P.S. TORPEDO --  
REPEATING ---

HASAMARI SAYS,  
"REPULSION SCREEN  
WILL TURN ASIDE NEW  
P.S. TORPEDO." ---

AND, AT THE VERY SAME MOMENT...  
NAVAL INTELLIGENCE? -----  
HASAMARI JUST HELIOGRAPHED  
THE SECRET OF OUR NEW  
DIRECTIONAL TORPEDO TO A SPY ON THE OUTSIDE!  
PROBABLY A PLANE WILL  
TRY TO FLY THE MESSAGE  
OUT! BE ON THE ALERT!  
THIS IS JACK---



THUS, HALF AN HOUR LATER...

MISSION COMPLETED--  
JAP PLANE JUST SHOT  
DOWN OVER OCEAN!



HOWEVER, A JAPANESE SUB SAVES THE FLIER ---

TO THE ISLAND  
BASE! I HAVE A  
MESSAGE FROM  
HASAMARI!

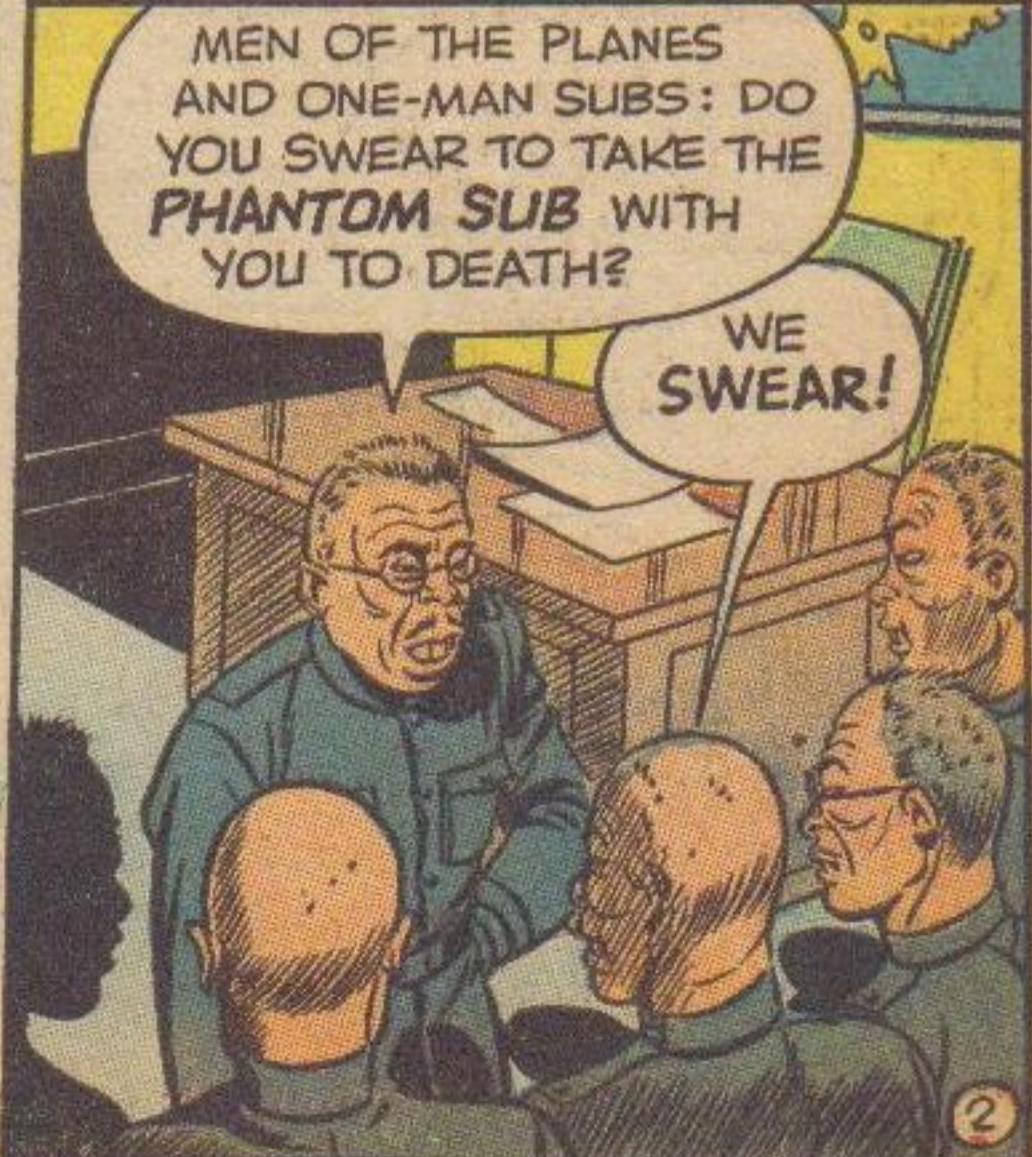


HASAMARI'S MESSAGE REACHES THE SECRET  
JAPANESE BASE -- A BASE WITHOUT THE  
TELL-TALE RADIO EQUIPMENT THAT WOULD BE EASILY  
TRACED. THUS THE REASON FOR RELAYING THE MESSAGE.



MEN OF THE PLANES  
AND ONE-MAN SUBS: DO  
YOU SWEAR TO TAKE THE  
PHANTOM SUB WITH  
YOU TO DEATH?

WE  
SWEAR!



NEXT DAY, THE PHANTOM SUB IS ON PATROL....

GOOD THING THEY SHOT DOWN THAT SPY'S PLANE, JACK! RIGHT! ..SAY, LOOK! WHAT'S A WHALER DOING THIS FAR NORTH? LET'S TAKE A LOOK, SLIM!

A DOOR IN THE WHALER'S PORT BOW OPENS!

A NEW STUNT! A WHALER CARRYING TINY, ONE-MAN SUBS!

WE'LL SINK 'EM!

SIX TINY SUBS CONVERGE ON THE PHANTOM SUB!

WE'LL FIX THAT! FIRE TWO DIRECTIONAL TORPEDOES!

THOSE TIN FISH'LL SUBTRACT TWO FROM THE JAP SUB FLEET, SLIM!

HEY! LOOK!

THEY'RE ONTO OUR TRICK! THEY'VE GOT A REPULSION SCREEN TO TURN ASIDE THE TORPEDOES' MAGNETIC HEADS! THAT SPY GOT THROUGH!

LOOK AT THOSE TORPEDOES CURVE AWAY FROM THE JAP SUBS!

GO, HONORABLE TORPEDO! DEATH TO THE COW-BORN PHANTOM SUB!

ONE OF THOSE SIX IS BOUND TO HIT! SPREAD OUR WINGS, SLIM!

AND HOW, JACK!

THE PHANTOM SUB TAKES TO THE AIR....

BOY! THAT WAS CLOSE!

WOW! LOOK AT THAT!

BRUHUM

BOY! TWO OF THOSE TORPEDOES COLLIDED RIGHT WHERE WE WERE, JUST A MOMENT AGO!

WE'D HAVE BEEN HIT TWICE!

REVERSE THE TORPEDO'S ALNICO MAGNETS,\* SLIM!

DOING IT NOW, JACK! WILL THIS FOOL THE JAPS!

SIX TORPEDOES, SIX JAP SUBS!

THOSE JAPS DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO! NOW THEIR MAGNETIC SCREENS ATTRACT THOSE TORPEDOES!

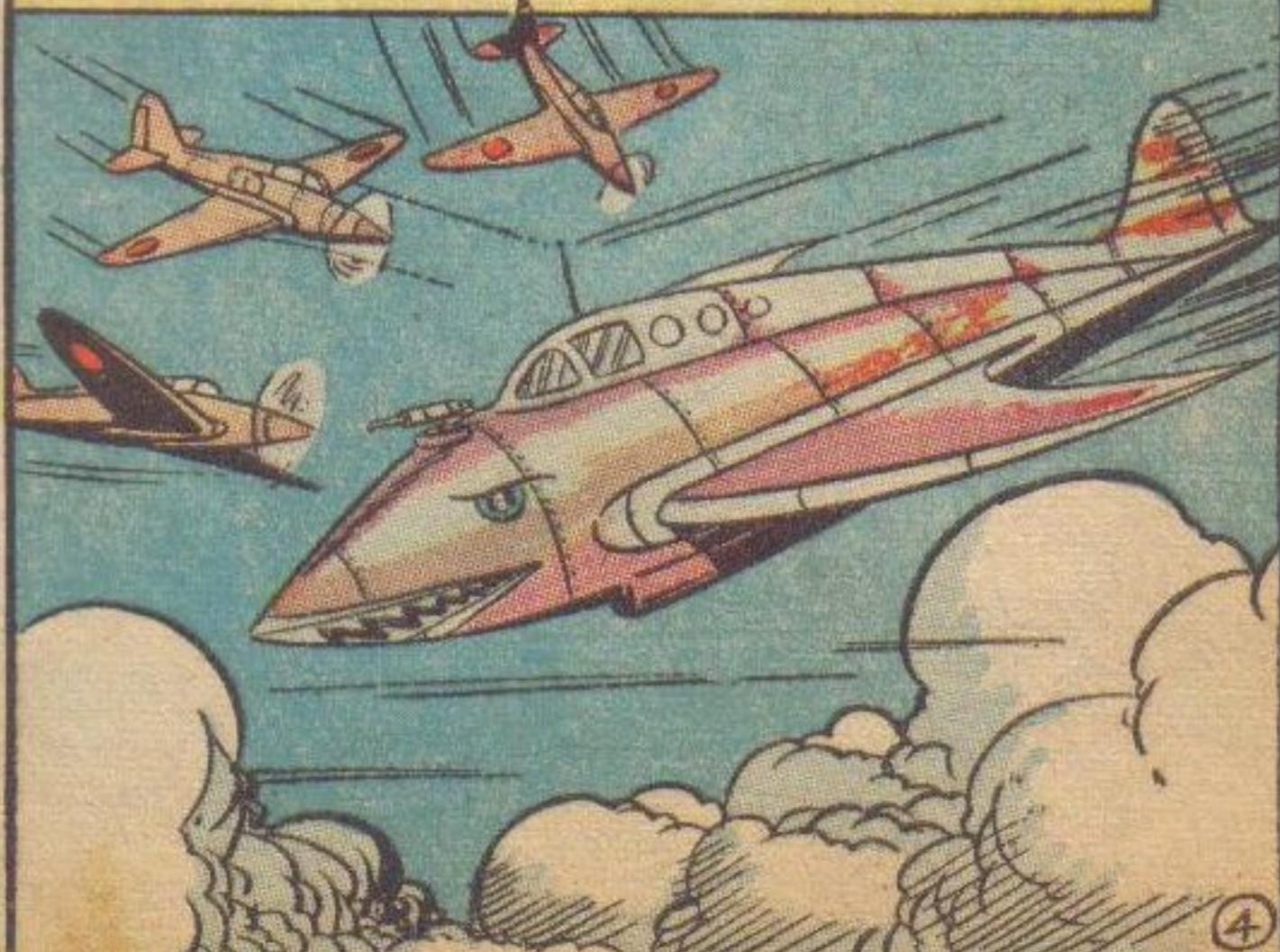
SOME JOKE, EH, KEED! HA-HA-HA!

\* THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL PERMANENT MAGNET.

SIX HITS! OUR TROUBLES ARE ALMOST OVER!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! LOOK!

OUT OF THE SUN, DROP THREE JAP PLANES!



JACK! HE'S CRAZY!  
HE'S TRYING TO  
RAM US!

I'LL  
SAY SO!  
HANG ON  
TIGHT!

JACK WRENCHES THE CONTROLS!

WOW!

SLIM! STOP  
GRUNTING  
... AND  
PRAY!

MISSSED BY  
A GNAT'S  
EYEBROW,  
JACK!

HE TRIED  
TO RAM US!  
DO YOU  
SUPPOSE THESE  
ARE FLYING  
BOMBS WITH  
SUICIDE PILOTS?  
SLIM, MAN THE  
LIGHTNING  
CANNON!

I WAS RIGHT!  
THOSE PLANES  
ARE FLYING  
BOMBS!

GOT HIM!

THAT BLAST  
WRECKED ANOTHER  
JAP SHIP, HEY? BUT  
WHERE'S THE  
THIRD?

THAT PECKING  
ON OUR HULL  
ISN'T  
HAIL!

OUR ONLY CHANCE  
IS TO REACH THE  
WATER AND  
SUBMERGE!

--OR THE  
LIGHTNING  
CANNON!  
--TRY IT!

GO ON!  
FIRE  
IT!

CANT,  
JACK!  
IT'S JAMMED!  
A SHOT  
MUST HAVE  
HIT IT!

LOOKS LIKE THE  
END, JACK!  
SO LONG!

HANG ON!  
I'M TAKING A  
THOUSAND TO ONE CHANCE!

GET READY TO  
FIRE NUMBER  
ONE TUBE!

FIRE!

MISS! MISSED!

NO! THE MAGNETIC  
HEAD IS DRAWING THE  
TORPEDO TOWARD  
THE PLANE'S ENGINE!

AS THE TORPEDO'S MAGNETIC  
HEAD HITS THE JAP'S ENGINE...

BLAM!

WOW!

NOW FOR  
THE FAKE  
WHALE  
AND WE'LL  
CALL IT  
A DAY!

THAT ONE  
CAN'T  
MISS!

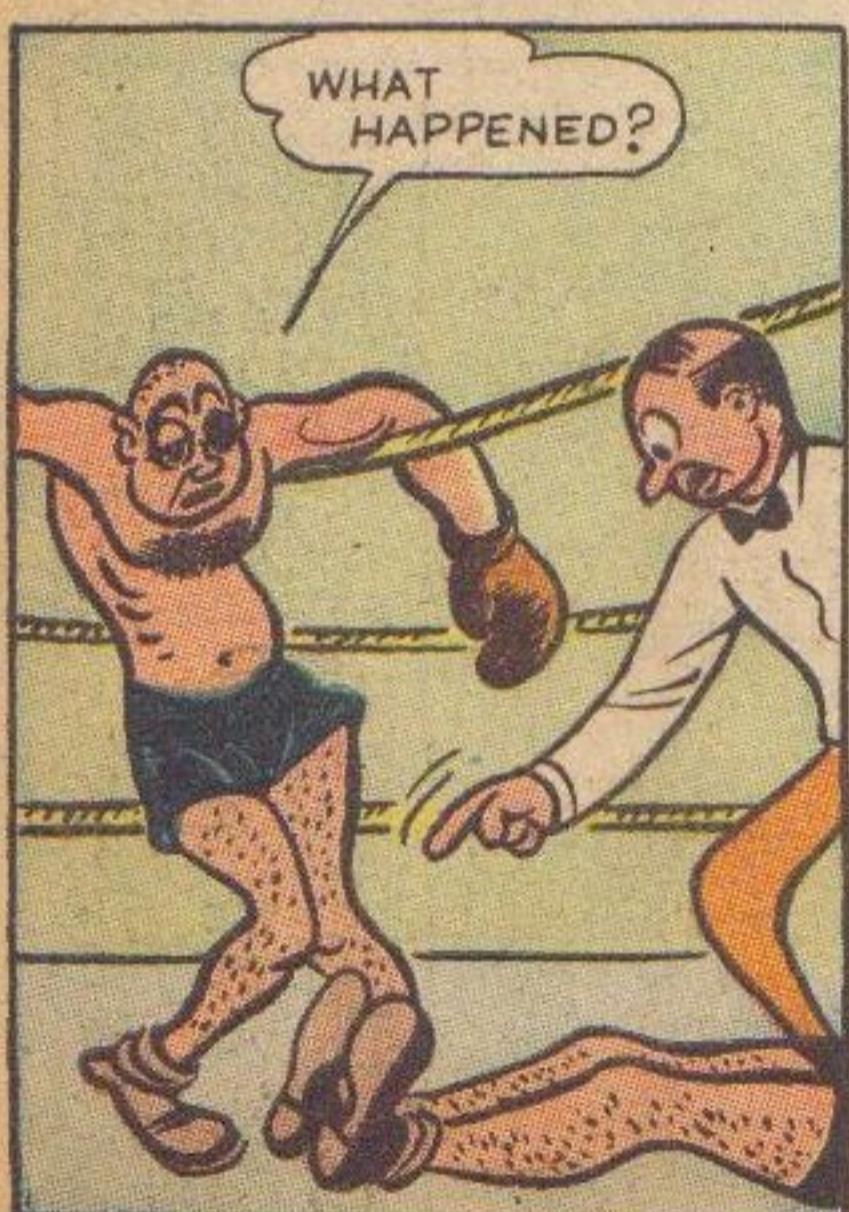
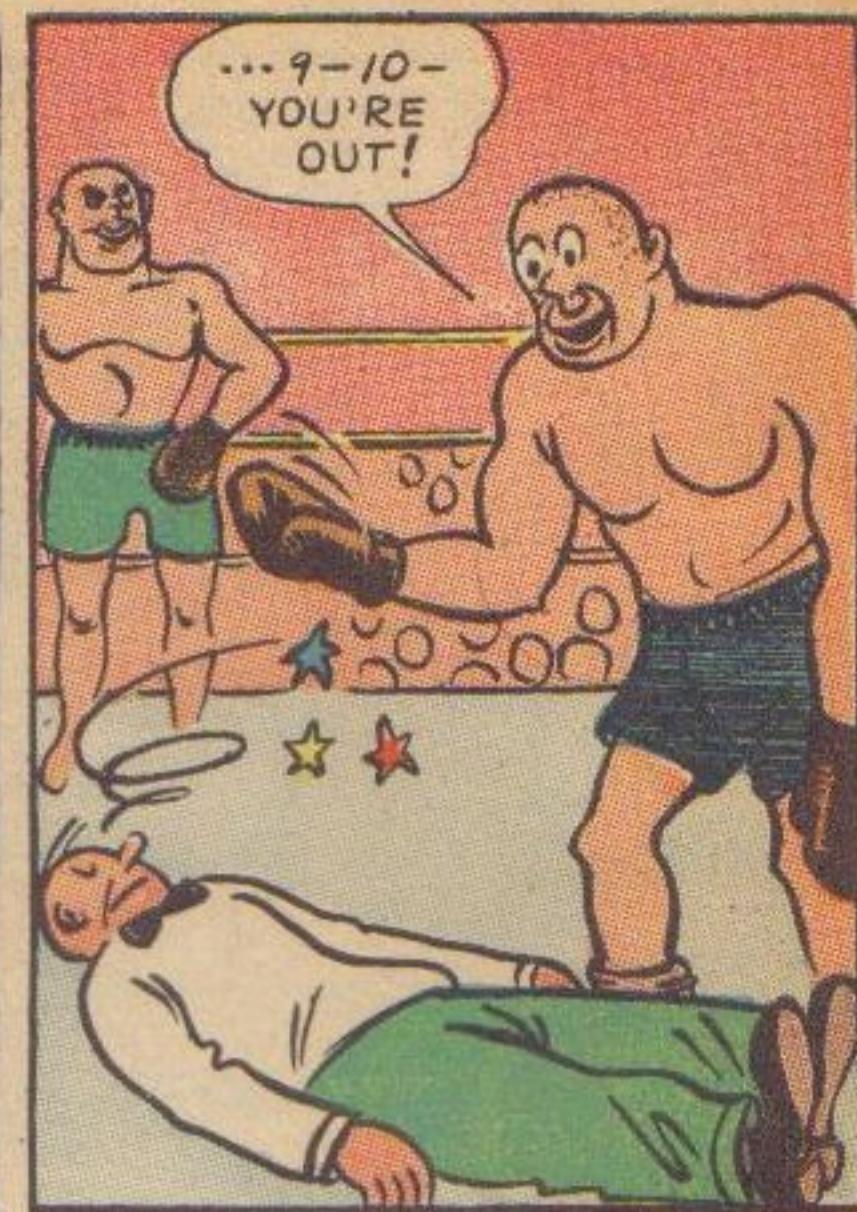
... AND THAT  
WINDS UP  
THAT JAP  
TRICK!

CHECK!

NEXT  
MONTH,  
JACK AND  
SLIM  
SAVE AN  
ACE AGENT  
OF  
INTELLIGENCE

IN  
**BLUE  
BOLT**  
COMICS!

# BLUDGEONERS and N.Y.S.



# CARRY "PICTURES ON DISPLAY" IN... FIVE-FOTO FOLDER

5 PHOTOS

ALL VISIBLE IN  
POCKET WINDOWS



SAVE \$10

AUTOMATIC DIME REGIS-  
TER BANK unlocks when  
you save \$10.

No. MO-158 . . . 15c



SHOOT HIM  
SKY-HIGH

Watch 3-ft. PARACHUTE  
JUMPER drop gradually to  
earth just like any U. S. Para-  
trooper.

No. MO-216 . . . 20c

EARN MONEY!

PRINT CALLING CARDS.  
PRINT MESSAGES ON  
CHRISTMAS CARDS!

Own your own PRINTING  
PRESS and operate it in your  
spare time. All-steel construc-  
tion. 8 inches high. Weight,  
2½ lbs. Chase size, 1¾" x 3".  
100 12-pt. characters with  
blank slugs for spacing. Rubber  
roller. Instruction folder, in-  
cluding glossary of printing  
terms.

(LIMITED SUPPLY LEFT,  
ORDER NOW!)

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Amaze Your Friends

Be "hit of the evening" with  
BLACKOUT NECKTIE. Glows  
in dark for 20 minutes after ex-  
posure to electric light! Hand-  
some daytime tie, too!

No. MO-229 . . . \$1.00

Carry photographs of your best friend,  
your dog, a relative in the armed forces,  
perhaps one of your camp in the woods,  
and one of your Scout Patrol.

Carry them ready to show anyone at  
any time . . . all safe inside a handsome  
genuine calf leather wallet, and each  
snugly protected by a transparent cello-  
phane pocket window.

And here's a swell extra feature of  
the folder. Your Initials are Imprinted in  
Gold!

What else? Plenty! There's a flap  
pocket for keys, large section for dollar  
bills, coin pocket, and snap-down flap.

No. MO-165 . . . . . 69c

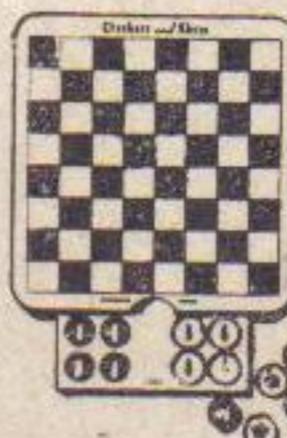
(Be sure to give initials to be imprinted)

WEAR IT LIKE A  
WRIST WATCH

RISTLITE is a slick-looking plas-  
tic flashlight that you can strap to  
your wrist, clip on your belt, or hang  
on the wall. Throws powerful 500-ft.  
beam. Great for bike - riding after  
dark or night camping. Comes  
complete with bat-  
teries.

No. MO-202 . 98c

PLAY CHESS and  
CHECKERS



To play "Chess" on CHECKERS-  
CHESS GAMEBOARD, you use  
playing men face up. To play  
"Checkers," turn them upside  
down. On reverse side of board  
play a third game called "Check-  
Mate." Gameboard fits your  
pocket.

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NAME OF  
YOUR FAVORITE  
BIG LEAGUE BALL CLUB  
IMPRINTED HERE



OWN A PEN AND PENCIL  
SHAPED LIKE BASEBALL BATS

Mail us the name of YOUR favorite Big League  
baseball team. We'll send you a "BASEBALL  
BAT" PEN-PENCIL SET imprinted with your  
team's name and insignia.

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ADDRESS. Send order and remittance to:

TREASURE HOUSE DEPT.  
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115 West 19th Street, New York, N. Y.

No shipments will be made outside the United  
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# CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE!

## Get it the American Way



32 PC.  
DINNER  
SET



GIRLS! You'll love this FULL SIZE TOILET & MANICURE SET. Given for selling only one order.



NEW CANDID TYPE CAMERA  
Easy to focus, quick in operation.  
Given for selling only one order.

Girls!  
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Get this fine  
"ROSE" DIN-  
NER SET for mother. Sell only  
one order. Sent Ex-  
pressage  
Collect.

U. S. ARMY  
OUTFIT

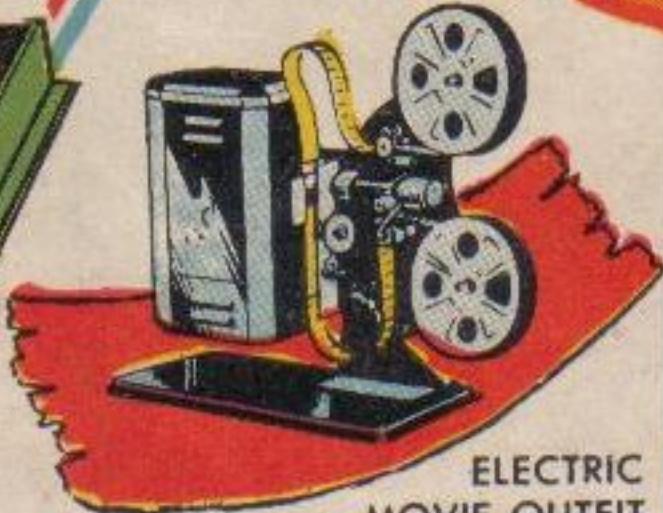


A WONDERFUL  
BOY'S PRIZE

Belt, holster and army Colt Re-  
peater cap pistol. Given for  
selling only one order.



WRIST WATCH for boys,  
girls, men & women. Giv-  
en for selling only  
one order, plus 75c  
extra.

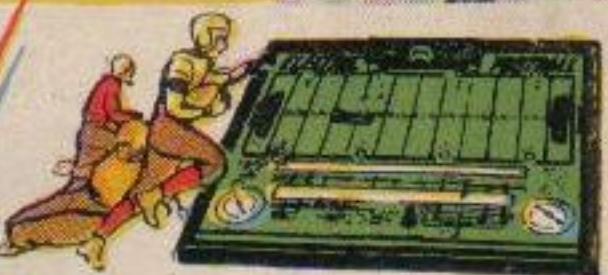


ELECTRIC  
MOVIE OUTFIT  
with film. Given for selling only one or-  
der, plus 50c extra. Show movies at home.

GENE  
AUTRY  
COMPLETE  
HOLSTER SET



VICTORY WATCH & FO  
Newest type watch w  
track dial & red sec  
indicator. Sell or  
one order.



JIM PRENTICE'S FAMOUS  
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Boys! Don't miss the  
thrill of this fast moving  
Electric Game



Boys!  
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Get this  
famous  
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without  
cost.

"CHEMCRAFT" CHEMISTRY SET. Hour  
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only one order.



You can be a  
straight shootin'  
cowboy with this Gene  
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pistol, handkerchief or  
hat. All given for sellin  
only one order of Xm  
Packs.

### OTHER PRIZES FOR YOU

Given per plan in  
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Complete Electric  
Train Set  
"Take Me Along"  
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Ice Skates  
G-Man Finger  
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with Dictionary  
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### GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY "AMERICAN" WAY!

BOYS! GIRLS! Do like thousands of others. Get swell prizes  
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Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big  
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It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends,  
and neighbors. Each pack contains 96 sparkling Xmas Seals  
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money and choose your prize from our Big Prize Catalog.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big Prize  
Catalog—tell us what prize you want. SEND NO MONEY—  
WE TRUST YOU.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 705 LANCASTER,

Please send me your Big Prize Catalog and  
order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at  
each, send you the money, and get my pr

My choice of prize is \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address  
or R.F.D. Box \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 705 Lancaster, Pa.